



The Grail

MAY, 1929

A Letter From Heaven

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

Have You Met This One?

MYRTLE CONGER

Sacrificial Banquets

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

The Holy Grail in Literature

SR. M. THERESE, O. S. B.

2918

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Each step needs guidance.
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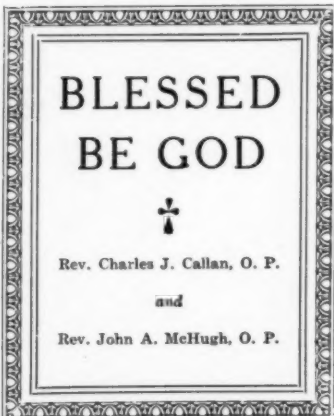
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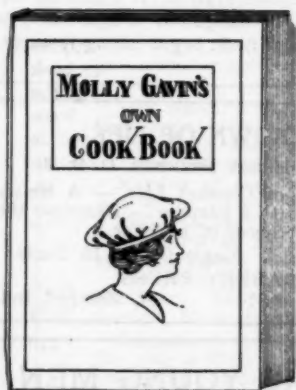
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EDITH TATUM

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God's Acre is not lonely
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Or a plaintive whip-poor-will.

God's Acre is not lonely
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When we answer sorrow's call.

God's Acre is not lonely,
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Our loving thoughts and memories sweet,
And God himself walks there.



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The Grail

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VOLUME 11

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NUMBER 1

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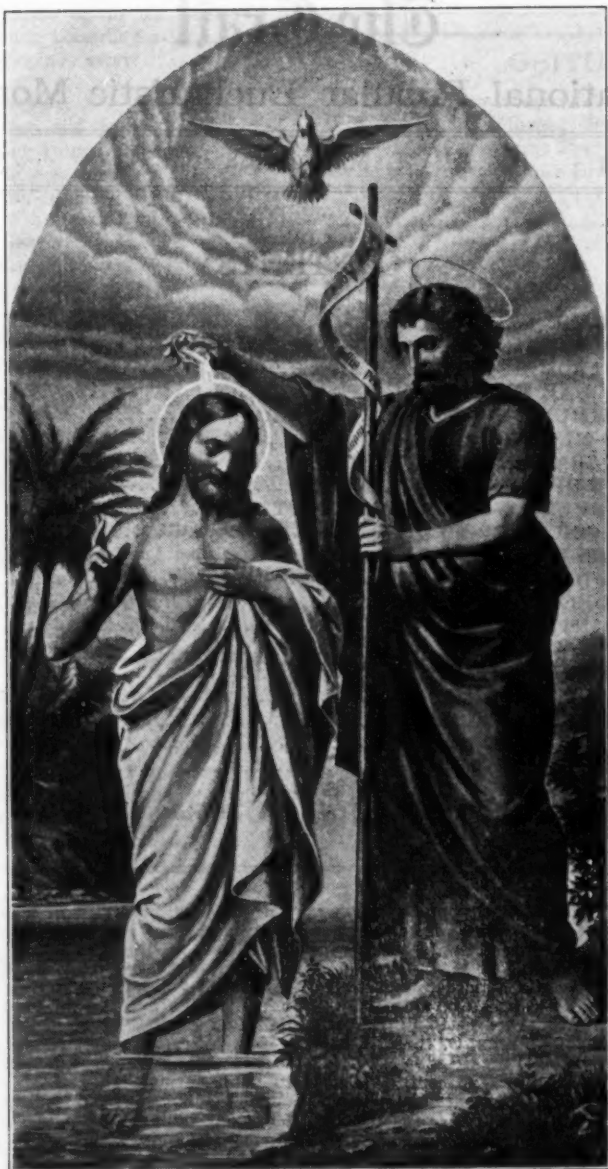
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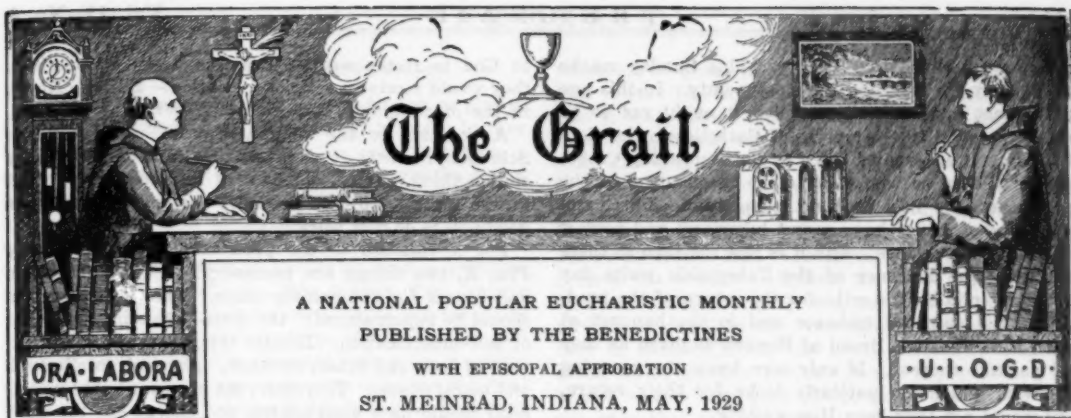
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THIS IS MY BELOVED SON IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED;
HEAR YE HIM.—St. Matth. 17:5



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The Church A Solicitous Mother

As the Church is solicitous for all men even from the first moment of their human existence in the mother's womb, until life is extinct—and even beyond the grave, so she desired to save all men. That is the grand mission committed to her charge by the Savior. By prayer, mortification, good example, and preaching the Word of God she seeks the conversion of all who are beyond her pale. To this end, too, she has instituted confraternities, societies, and other good works.

Among the societies placed at our disposal for the winning of all to Christ is the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom, which has a threefold purpose: (1) union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world; (2) the return of non-Catholic Christians—Protestants—to union with us; (3) the conversion of all non-Christians—all who have never been baptized. The means proposed for attaining this end are twofold: (1) a daily offering of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world—(this intention may be made in one's own words); (2) the attending of a Mass and the offering up of a Holy Communion once a week (first degree, once a month (second degree)).

According to a recent estimate there are on earth about 1,726,000,000 inhabitants. Of this vast number 683 millions, or less than one half of them profess Christianity, and of the Christians some 305 millions are Catholics. So enormous is the number that to win them all over it will require much combined effort in prayer, good works, good example. The layman must be up and doing as well as the religious and the priest.

The editor of *THE GRAIL* will gladly forward certificates of admission to those who send a stamped envelope therefor.

Say It With Flowers

In our northern climes the month of May clothes herself in robes of tender green and draws about her stately shoulders a verdant mantle rich in Nature's choicest flowers. May is queen of the months and right

lavishly does she bestow upon us the compliments of the other months, speaking in the unmistakable language of the flowers.

It is quite fitting that May should also be Mary's month. Choice flowers, rare flowers, which deck her altars and grace her shrines, vie with each other in showing her honor and esteem by presenting her with the first blossoms of the season. The honor given to Mary will be repaid in the coin of the realm—grace and blessings from on high and life eternal. The beauty of the flowers of virtue and the sweet odor of the blossoms of piety should adorn our souls that we may be a source of pleasure to our Blessed Mother.

A Galaxy of Feasts

The May of this year is doubly festive, for not only is it devoted to Mary but it contains some of the greatest feasts in the cycle of the Church, for instance: Ascension (Thursday, May 9), Pentecost (May 19), Trinity Sunday (May 26), Corpus Christi (May 30).

When Our Divine Savior ascended into heaven, the Apostles were filled with sorrow and grief at His leaving them, but they also had an ardent longing to follow Him to glory. We should be filled with a similar desire—a desire that is strong enough to move us to do good works that we may attain to everlasting happiness in the possession of heaven, which is our kingdom. There Christ Our King is awaiting our arrival.

Pentecost, the birthday of the Church, marks the coming down of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles who were awaiting His advent. According to the promise of the Savior the Holy Ghost would teach them all things. In the form of tongues of fire the Holy Spirit came down upon them and imparted to them His sevenfold gifts. The same Holy Spirit is communicated to the faithful also in the sacrament of confirmation. In a fuller measure still is He imparted to those who usually at this season receive the sacred order of the holy priesthood. Here at St. Meinrad Seminary a class of young men will be raised to the priesthood in the Abbey Church on the Tuesday after Pentecost.

Trinity Sunday is set apart in a particular manner

to honor the Most Holy Trinity. This Sunday marks the last day for fulfilling the Easter duty. In this age of frequent and daily Communion it ought not to be necessary to call the attention of Catholics to the close of the Easter season, yet not a few well-meaning Catholics are still to be won over to the frequenting of the sacraments, the lifeblood of the spiritual edifice, and multitudes of others have grown lukewarm and neglect their spiritual welfare. And it is just for such as these that the Lone Prisoner of the Tabernacle waits day and night in His little cell—for the return of the prodigal to His spiritual embrace and to the banquet at which He serves the Bread of Heaven as often as they will partake thereof. If only men knew the yearning love with which He patiently looks for their return, they would not thus keep Him waiting.

Corpus Christi (Body of Christ) is truly a love feast. With a heart overflowing with sadness and grief at the thought that this was the last time He should sit at table with His chosen twelve, distressed that within a few hours one of this little band should betray Him, and, on the other hand, nearly crushed by the sight of His impending passion and death on the morrow, yet burning with ardent love for the Apostles and the salvation of all other men. He gave a most astounding proof of His boundless and abiding love in the token, or parting memorial, that He left to them. He could not, and would not, and consequently He did not, leave anything unworthy of so great a Master and Lord. He desired to remain among the children of men, and His wisdom found a means in the Holy Eucharist whereby He might satisfy that yearning. For Catholics, then, Jesus is as truly present on our altars as He was present to His people when He walked among them in their very midst. They saw Him with the eyes of the body, whereas, through Faith, we see Him with the eye of the spirit. We are rich in this bountiful gift. On the contrary, cold and desolate are the churches of the sects, for the would-be reformers deprived them of this wondrous gift and the other precious sacraments which are so many helps, or means of grace, towards the attaining of our goal, which is heaven.

Guideposts to "Come-Follow-Me"

Here are a number of guideposts, pointing out the way to vocation, which we have gathered from various sources. Perhaps the one or the other of these thoughts may be found helpful for someone in determining his vocation or in coming to a decision.

When Divine Providence destines anyone to a certain state of life, it bestows upon him a natural inclination thereto, and gives him the dispositions necessary for the fulfillment of what that state of life implies. If inclination and dispositions are absent, we conclude that God does not call; if they exist, we may infer that He does, and the more securely in proportion to the strength of such inclination and dispositions.—Rev. Albert Muntsch, S. J.

A religious vocation means the desire and qualifications to follow the desire. There are many who have the qualifications. If they would only pray fervently

to God to foster within them the desire of sacrifice, they would receive a religious vocation.—Editor's Notes, in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

A vocation to the religious state, said Bishop Schrembs recently at an investiture ceremony, is a very simple thing. It is composed of two elements: first, fitness for the work to be done; second, the generous good will to do that work.

For a vocation to the priesthood, said the saintly Pius X, two things are necessary: a right intention, and fitness for the priestly state. The right intention should be supernatural: the desire of saving souls and of self-sanctification. Besides this, there should be fitness of body and fitness of mind; physical, intellectual, and moral fitness. Therefore, the aspirant to the priesthood should have good health, and energy for the work of the state to which he aspires. Moreover, he should be endowed with common sense, have sufficient talent to acquire the knowledge necessary for the priestly state; fitness also requires that he be free from vice and that he have a strong character.

The marks, then to a vocation are desire, fitness, and acceptance on the part of the religious superior or of the bishop.

Vocation, says Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S., consists of two things, namely, fitness for the life and the supernatural motive to embrace it. You are fit if nothing hinders you from without, and if there is no obstacle in the way from within. As regards the latter, I mention health, talents, adaptability, passions, habits. You have the supernatural motive if you desire to embrace the state of life because you feel it is God's will for you.

It is plain that a vocation does not always come to a man as it were ready made. It is not like a parcel tied up, and addressed, and laid on your table. Rather, it is like a tender and delicate seedling which, if we tend it carefully, will grow to maturity, but if we neglect, it will wither away and die.—Rev. Fr. Lucas.

If a person thinks of embracing a secular life, he should ask and desire more evident signs that God calls him to the secular life than if there were question of embracing the Evangelical Counsels.—St. Ignatius.

Vocation to the religious life is one of the greatest favors Our Lord can grant a soul. He has promised the hundredfold even in this life; and He gives it too.—Louis Vignot, S. J.

Magdalen, steeped to the lips in iniquity, became the spouse of the Immaculate; Matthew, surrounded by his ill-gotten gains; Saul, 'breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the Christians,' each heard the summons, for, a sinful life in the past, St. Thomas teaches, is no impediment.—William Doyle, S. J.

Lift up your eyes and see the harvest waiting for you, the most glorious work ever given man to do—the saving of immortal souls.

Louder and stronger has grown the whisper, 'Come, follow Me,' till at last, with an intense feeling of joy and gratitude, or even, at times, a natural repugnance and fear of its responsibilities, the weary soul realizes that 'the Master is here and calls thee'—that she has got a vocation.—William Doyle, S. J.

SPIRITUAL SONSHIP AND BROTHERHOOD

There are parents who wish they had a son to give to God in the religious state or in the priesthood. If they have none of their own to offer, or none that have a calling, let them adopt a student for the priesthood and pay his expenses till he reaches his goal. The rector of any seminary will gladly inform you of such needy cases, if you write for information. Parents will then derive great satisfaction in having at least a spiritual son in the priesthood. On this subject Rev. Father Lukas, O. S. B., of happy memory, wrote several years ago in *Tabernacle and Purgatory*. Many fathers and mothers, he said, would be happy to have a son a priest; many brothers and sisters would wish to have a spiritual brother, but their holy desire is not fulfilled. However, you may enable a youth to study for the priesthood by your alms; you may adopt him, as it were, as your son, your brother.

What Is My Vocation?

May is the month of Mary and also the month of special prayer for the grace to know one's vocation. When we speak of vocation, we usually mean the inclination or desire to be a religious or a priest—a calling, therefore, to the religious state or to the priesthood. The priest may belong to one of the religious orders, congregations, or societies that have been approved by the Church; he is, then, both priest and religious. Priests of religious orders are called "regulars" from the fact that they follow a rule—*regula*—approved by the Church. The diocesan clergy, whose sole superior is the bishop of the diocese, are known as "secular" priests.

As the school term draws to a close, it is high time that the serious-minded boy consider for what calling in life he should prepare himself. Should he choose some secular vocation or should he think of becoming a priest, a religious, a brother?

The question of vocation should appeal to the girl as well as to the boy. Should she marry and raise a good family—motherhood has a nobility all its own; should she follow one of the numerous professions open to woman, or enter some religious institute to teach and train the young, to nurse the sick, care for the aged, or relieve some other form of human misery?

Frequent Holy Communion, earnest prayer, and advice from the confessor or spiritual director are important factors in helping one to reach a decision as to his vocation or calling.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

TREASURE SEEKERS

Whosoever delves into the liturgical storehouse during this month of May will be pleasantly surprised and gratified at the treasures to be found there. They are

treasures of grace to be sure, but quite unique in several ways. The liturgy of the Sundays after Easter is full to the brim of consolation—something we feel the need of right now, when we realize that Jesus will withdraw His visible presence from us so soon. Consolation is strength, and our growing faith in Christ craves it as a child craves sweets. We are newborn babes, coming forth from the saving waters of baptism with St. John's assurance that "whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." (Epistle for Low Sunday.) St. Thomas, the doubting apostle, has cleared up the last vestige of doubt in our own minds, and we are left free to follow Christ, the Good Shepherd, Who has given us an example that we should follow Him; and Whose voice we, as good sheep, should hear. We shall not have that shining example always, for the Savior says, "A little while and you shall not see Me... because I go to the Father." (Gospel for third Sunday after Easter.) Even though this saying is hard to bear, there is consolation in it—open and laid bare to them that seek in earnest, but concealed from the restive world which passes up what God has hidden from the eyes of the great and revealed to the little ones.

SURSUM CORDA!

Ascension is a joyous feast, although Christ is leaving us; for we know that He goes to prepare a place for us. The Church celebrates the Vigil of this feast with white vestments and sings the *Gloria* at the Mass, because it is a day of special glory for our Lord. "Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son may glorify Thee." In fact, not only this Mass, but every Mass throughout the year is offered up in memory of Christ's glorious ascension into heaven. The chief liturgical purpose of the Mass is to unite us with Him, our Head and Chief, Who now dies no more. Let our hearts be raised above unto Him, although our bodies must endure the hardship of protracted exile on earth. *Sursum corda!* Following St. Peter's advice (Ep. for third Sunday after Easter), we are to refrain ourselves from carnal desires, since we are strangers and pilgrims in this world. Christ has promised us the Paraclete to help us in this undertaking, which is clearly above and beyond our natural endeavors. The removal of the Paschal Candle, the silent reminder of our Lord's visible presence on earth for forty days after His resurrection, is a sign that Christ has ascended on high, bringing home with Him the first fruits and trophies of His immortal victory over death and the powers of hell.

PENTECOST

Scarcely is the celebration of the Octave of Ascension completed, when we prepare to observe another feast, the coming of the Holy Ghost, the promised Comforter, Who is God with Christ and the Father. The Spirit of Love is ready to kindle that fire which Christ came to cast upon the earth. The priest uses red vestments at Mass to remind us of the flaming charity of the Holy Spirit, Who breathes on, and enlightens, all

(Continued on page 38)

A Letter From Heaven

Give attention to reading; meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them that thy profiting may be manifest to all.—I Tim. 4:13,15.

ANSELM SCHAAP, O. S. B.

FATHER Gilbert's train being late, he decided to make the best of a disagreeable situation by scanning a brand new pocket missal which he had thrust into his travelling bag.

In came Ed Allen.

"What's the meaning of that frown on your face, Ed?" the priest bantered.

"Ah, Father," growled Ed, "I just had a few words with Bob Wilikins across the street. He tried to 'rub in' the old charge of chained Bibles."

"Forget it," Father Gilbert said by way of consolation. "Some day his eyes may be opened. Go to that booth and call the rectory. Tell them of my delay."

Off was Allen. When he returned, the pastor greeted him with: "What's up now? What's the good news?"

"Father," he grinned, "don't you know that I have seen that chained telephone directory a thousand times? Not until now did I realize the purpose. Wait till I see that Wilikins again. Won't I make him feel it? I'm going to ask him whether he hasn't sense enough to know that every Tom, Dick, and Harry would walk away with that telephone directory if it weren't chained. That's why those Bibles would never have been safe had they not been chained to their place in the libraries. Won't he feel cheap?"

"Now, now! not so much of this vindictiveness! It is indeed true, you have an answer for the chained Bibles. But look at this missal and in every mass you will find at least two Scripture readings. Don't fail to tell your friendly enemy about this too."

Allen seized the book with an impatient grasp and added, as his eyes widened with interest: "Father, believe it or not, I always thought that everything about the missal was prayer."

"Yes and no," responded Father Gilbert promptly. "From the beginning of the Church the reading of holy books has been an integral and a most important part of her liturgy. St. Justin, who died about 167, gives us a fairly complete account of the religious ceremonial of his time. He tells us that the service began with the reading of selected passages of the Bible. Most probably the early Church followed more or less the practice of the synagogue, for reading was a part of the worship of the Jews. But it was, and still is, a prayerful reading, a

reading preceded and followed by prayer, a reading calculated to aid us in our prayer. We speak to God when we pray and He speaks to us when we read His holy word written down in His letters to us—the Scriptures. Thus, not only explicit prayer but also pious reading helps the faithful prepare for the Holy Sacrifice."

Allen took the missal from Father Gilbert and began to thumb its pages. "I see," he commented, "that after the prayer or oration there is always a Scripture reading which bears the title of 'lesson' or 'epistle.'"

"Yes," said Father Gilbert approvingly, "you have a keen eye. When the selection is made from the Old Testament or from the Acts of the Apostles or from the Apocalypse the title used is that of 'lesson,' but when the reading is a part of the letters of St. Paul or of one of the other apostles the heading is that of 'epistle.' In common parlance we commonly speak of the 'epistle' and sometimes of the 'apostle' for the reason that the greater number of the Scripture selections that precede the Gospel are taken from the letters of St. Paul. St. Gregory and St. Benedict employ the latter term, namely, that of 'apostle' when they mean a portion of St. Paul's letters."

Allen kept on turning page after page of the missal quite unconcerned as to the occasional stares he got from the one or the other of the many travellers astir in the waiting room, while Father Gilbert watched him intently. "The wrinkles on your forehead betray a serious engagement of mind," whispered the priest.

"You are right, Father," assented the youth. "Here is the difficulty: I find that in some Masses there are more than one epistle. How's that?"

After a side glance to a bystander, who seemed to be eager to get the drift of the explanation, Father Gilbert proceeded: "I had better make clear to you the gradual development of the epistle. At first there were no special selections. The various readings were from the volume of the Sacred Book itself. The one who presided over the assembly designated the parts to be read and gave the signal when the reading was to cease. Moreover, the reading was continuous, that is, the books were read in their entirety regardless of the season or feast. However, already in the fourth century certain books were assigned to certain

seasons. Thus, St. Augustine tells us that the Acts of the Apostles were read during the Paschal time. Later on, special selections were made and collected into one volume. It seems that St. Jerome, who died in 420, was the first to draw up such a list of readings. Originally the number of these lessons was not determined. Generally there was a prophecy and an epistle. This ancient usage has remained in the Ambrosian liturgy at Milan whilst the Armenian rite still has three epistle readings. Since the sixth century there has been in the Roman Church only one lesson except on special occasions, such as the ember days and the eves of Easter and of Pentecost."

At the conclusion of these words the priest leaped nervously to his feet.

"What's the matter, Father?" queried Allen with a hearty laugh.

"Oh, nothing, I thought my train was called," Father Gilbert admitted blushing, when he noticed that even some of the others gazed at him amused.

"Never mind, you are in for a good wait and I am not sorry either."

"You knave! you delight in other people's misfortune."

"Well, your loss is my gain."

"What will you have?" asked the priest at length with some resignation.

"Why, on our patron feast one of the assisting priests read the epistle in the place of the priest who said the Mass."

"You are right, but the reason is because he served as subdeacon, whose office it is to read or chant the epistle. At first this was the function of the so-called lector or reader. The order of lector is the second of the minor orders. When the singing of the Gospel became the exclusive privilege of the deacon, the subdeacon also secured the honor of being alone permitted to sing the epistle. Before the thirteenth century no mention is made of the epistle in the ordination of the subdeacon. However, even in our day the Bishop may allow a cleric in minor orders to chant the epistle and to discharge some of the other duties of the subdeacon. Now I am going to refer to something about which you would not think of asking."

"You've got me guessing, Father."

"Why, the *ambo*," Father Gilbert replied smiling.

"The *ambo*? What in the world is that? Not in a thousand years should I have asked you such a question, for it would never have entered my mind. But now you've started something. What is it?"

"Well, *ambo* is a Greek term meaning an elevation. It was a sort of platform reached by means of several steps. Constructed either of stone or of wood, it stood between the altar and the nave of the Church. It was from this

ambo that the epistle was formerly sung."

"I see," Allen nodded. "But, by the way, Father," he continued, "when the priest who read the epistle had finished, he knelt before the celebrant."

"Of course," the pastor agreed, whilst he again observed some of the eavesdroppers, "the priest in question approached the celebrant for the blessing. By this rite the reader meant to ask pardon for any faults he might have committed. Formerly everybody, even the celebrant, used to sit and listen during the reading of the epistle."

"Oh, I almost forgot," Allen exclaimed quite briskly.

"Forgot what?"

"Why the part we servers were wont to take in connection with the epistle. I mean the 'Deo gratias.' I tell you, Father, whenever we served a strange priest we often happened to be too late with our answer."

"Yes, yes, I know," Father Gilbert murmured. "There is, however, a great deal more to this 'Deo gratias' than you think. St. Paul uses the expression in his epistles; the early Christians oftentimes had these words on their lips; in the fourth century St. Augustine writes: 'What better thing can we have in mind, utter with the tongue, or write with the pen than "Deo gratias." It is not possible to say aught shorter, to hear aught sweeter, to



READING "GOD'S LETTER"

understand aught grander, or to do aught that could be more profitable.' In his day the expression was employed as a greeting by the orthodox Christians to distinguish themselves from the heretics. It seems too that in the time of the persecutions the Christians were recognized by the same salutation. Even in the rule of St. Benedict this expression is mentioned as the greeting which the porter is to give to those who knock at the gate of the monastery. So popular did this ejaculation become that a bishop of Carthage selected it as his name."

"Father," Allen rejoined, "knowing that the expression means 'Thanks to God!' I think it quite appropriate, especially if one follows the epistle in English and understands what has been read."

"That's the point," emphasized Father Gilbert. "Those who attend Mass should follow the epistle and get its meaning and then the appreciation will come spontaneously. There are so many wholesome and consoling doctrines contained in the epistles that a person can hardly help being grateful when he reads them, or hears them read. Thanksgiving, of course, at all times and in all places is one of the principal objects of the liturgy. When we utter 'Deo gratias!' we want to say: 'Oh my God, I adore Thy Spirit who speaks by the mouth of the prophets and of the apostles and even now through Thy Holy Church. I accept with reverence, humility, and gratitude all the teachings and instructions which Holy Church gives and I will, with Thy aid, follow them faithfully throughout my whole life.' You may then tell your friend Wilikens in what spirit we use the Scriptures at our divine service."

"He is not my friend," the young man protested rather gruffly.

"He is your neighbor though," Father Gilbert insisted. "One thing more. Whilst not all the epistles are in their literal sense adapted to the particular feast or occasion, yet on certain days the connection is most striking. Thus, for instance, read the epistle for Pentecost Sunday."

"All right, Father, here it is."

Because of his surroundings Allen read to himself the following words of the sacred text: "When the days of Pentecost were accomplished they were all together in one place; and suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a mighty wind coming and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire and it sat upon every one of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

"Ell-ll and Enn-nn for Chaatanoo-ooga and all points south! Train on track four!" reverberated throughout the large waiting room as the train crier sang out in long-drawn syllables the time of departure for the southbound train.

Father Gilbert was on his feet at once and opened his traveling bag with a hasty sign to Allen. The latter understood and dropped the missal into the traveling bag.

"Let me carry your grip to the gate, Father," the youth pleaded.

With a friendly smile to the gateman, Father Gilbert passed through the gate and lost no time in making for track four.

Vini et Aquae Mysterium

(To a newly ordained priest)

PHILIP HUGH

Thou the wine and I the water
In the chalice of His Will;
Each in each completion finding,
Each to each a need fulfil.
As by blending twofold matter
One great single act is done,
So our dual life shall offer
Sacrifice completely one.

As the little drops of water
Are enveloped in the wine,
So my life's diminished labors
Find embodiment in thine.
Wine is rich and red and burning,
Water, colorless and cold,
But both love and tears are radiant
In God's crucibles of gold.

As the sacred Blood and Water,
Streaming from the Side of Christ,
Came the torrent of His graces,
Welding our eternal tryst;
As the mystic wine and water
Flows back to the Blood Divine,
So to the eternal fountains
Flows this love of thine and mine.

Separate as are things eternal
From the finite things of earth,
Consecrated, thou,—for ever,
I,—but just my human worth!
Yet the temporal joins eternal
In the chalice which we fill;
Thou the wine and I the water,
Blended in His service still.

After Communion

MARY CORDNER

Grant, O Lord, to the lips that have tasted Thee
Words of wisdom, of grace, and of love;
Grant that they ever may be consecrated
To Thy praise and service, both here and above.

Grant, O Lord, to the heart that possesses Thee,
Pure and unspotted forever to be;
Let it be ever a garden enclosed
Where loveliest flowers bloom only for Thee.

Have You Met This One?

MYRTLE CONGER

"OH, hello there, Lucy! Wait a minute and let's walk along together. Where are you going?....

"Why, I didn't know there was a Young Ladies' Sodality meeting this afternoon....

"Well, no; I didn't hear it announced at Mass this morning.... Did Father Burke announce it?.... Well, you see I was sitting so far back I couldn't hear all the announcements. I came in late, you see, and I didn't like to go far up front....

"No; I didn't go with the Sodality this morning. I forgot all about this being Sodality Sunday. Besides, I hadn't been to confession....

"Well, no; I was too late to go this morning. Our clock was slow; and I didn't hear mother when she called me.... I was out late last night, and I was so sleepy this morning, I couldn't get up. I hate getting up early, anyway,—don't you?.... It makes me sleepy and tired all the rest of the day.... I don't see why they have to have the Sodality Mass so early, anyway—do you?....

"Well, it is a sacrifice, especially after you've been out late the night before—but I guess some people don't mind it—people like you, now, after you've worked late the night before....

"What did you say?.... Oh, no; I can't go to the meeting this afternoon. You see I didn't know they were going to have a Sodality meeting, and besides, I'd already promised Nadia Brown I'd come over to her house this afternoon. Some of the boys of her crowd are going to be there—and we hope they'll ask us to go to a movie....

"What is the Sodality meeting for, anyway?.... Oh, to consider a way to raise funds for the new parish hall. I didn't know about it, but then they're always wanting money for something or other—the Sodality, and all the other Church societies. I get so tired of those things anyway—always expecting you to give them some money. I really don't think it's fair, especially from girls who have to work so hard for their money as most of us do....

"Well, I think you're foolish to give up so much of your time and money when you have to work so hard....

"I can't donate anything this time. I pay my dues—twenty-five cents a month—and that's enough; and I'm two months behind as it is. You see I haven't been going to the meetings lately....

"Oh, do see that gorgeous summer fur in that window. Let's stop and look at it a min-

ute.... Oh, no; you won't be late. You've plenty of time. Besides, it won't make any difference if you are a little late—just to a Sodality meeting.... Just see! Isn't it a dream of a fur piece....

"You don't like fur pieces for summer?.... Oh, you're just old-fashioned. I adore them, myself....

"Oh, no; I don't mind if they are a little hot and smothery. They're all the style—summer furs—so chic, and all that, you know. And all the other girls are wearing them—and a girl has to be in style these days if she wants to go in the right crowd....

"Yes; that's what mother says.... they're expensive luxuries—furs,—but I've made up my mind to have a piece, anyway. If this wasn't Sunday, we'd go in and try this one on.... Of course it does look like an awfully expensive piece, but it would look perfectly lovely with my summer suit. It's a better looking piece than the one I tried yesterday at Ye Sport Shoppe. Forty dollars, it was. They made me such a tempting offer on it, too—ten dollars down to hold it for me, and two dollars a week till paid for; and I could take it out of the Shoppe as soon as I had paid half—twenty dollars—and finish the other payments afterward. But I'm glad I didn't take it now. I'm coming in to see this one first....

"Yes; it probably would be more expensive, but if you find what you want, that's the time to get it. You ought to see the gorgeous new piece Nadia Brown has....

"Well, all right, then, we'll hurry along, but I don't see why you want to worry about being late—just to a stupid old Sodality meeting....

"Wish you were going over to Nadia's with me—but then you don't go in that crowd, do you?....

"We sure have some grand times together. Last Sunday, we went to a picnic up at Summer's Lake, way up in the northern part of the state, you know. The gayest bunch of us! The boys drove us up in their cars—that is, in their father's cars, the most of them. We had to start early, too, because they said they wanted to make a day of it. We were actually on our way shortly after daylight. We'd had a party the night before, too; and some of the girls objected to starting so early,—but I thought it was loads of fun myself,—going early in the morning that way, before the highways were

(Continued on page 16)

The Holy Grail in Literature

SR. M. THERESE, O. S. B.

LITERATURE is light, power, beauty. What more illuminating than Dante's masterpiece nonpareil, what more effective for the betterment of human lives than Shakespeare's literary legacy, or more pleasing to those of highly developed aesthetic sense than are the sweetest of stories, the legends of the Holy Grail, sung by poets of centuries past? The very zenith of sublimity is reached in these stories that grew with the white flowers of pure lives in the crannies of castle walls.

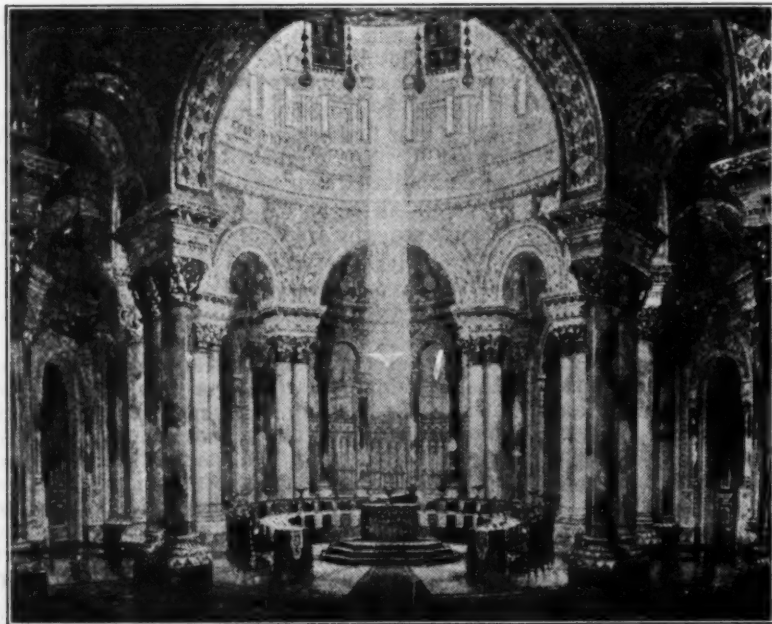
ORIGIN OF THE GRAIL LEGEND

The origin of the legend is involved in obscurity and scholars are not unanimous in their definition of the word "Grail." The generally accepted meaning is that given by the Cistercian chronicler, Helinandus, who died about 1230. He mentions a monk, who in 717 had a vision of the Cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper and who wrote a Latin book, entitled "Gradale," meaning a dish (scutella) wide and somewhat deep, in which costly viands were served, one morsel after another, (gradatim). The medieval Latin word became in Old French "Graal," whence the English "Grail."

THE HOLY GRAIL

According to the old, old story the Holy Grail was the Sacred Vessel used by our Lord when, at the Last Supper with His own, He instituted the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and Holy Priesthood, the last sweet gifts of a Heart that feared to be forgotten. The next day when that Heart was opened by the lance of Longinus, Joseph of Arimathea caught the Precious Blood in the same Holy Cup, which he then took with him to Britain. The legend attributes to him the conversions of the Britains, and as the traditions of the evangelization of that country are preserved at Glastonbury, which is associated with Avalon itself, they came to be connected with Arthurian lore.

Another legend holds that the Holy Grail is the silver plate on which the Paschal Lamb was served at the last Passover of Christ on earth. There is still a third, which claims that the Holy Grail was brought by a dove from Heaven and entrusted to a company of maiden knights, who, under Titurel, the first Grail King, guarded it in a castle built for it on Mount Salvat.* In this one point, however, all traditions agree, that the happy guardians of the treasure, and all who desired even to look upon it, had "to lead sweet lives in purest chastity." (Tennyson's *Guinevere*. l. 471.) One of the knights proved untrue to his vow, whereupon the Holy Grail vanished, and hence arose the quest for the lost object of their love and care. From the outset, the Grail legend is intimately bound up with that of King Arthur and of Percival. A



SANCTUARY IN THE TEMPLE OF THE GRAIL
HOLY GRAIL ON THE ALTAR

* Probably a corruption of *Montserrat*, a renowned Benedictine Abbey high up in the mountains of Spain where St. Ignatius of Loyola began his conversion. —Editor.

chronological classification of Grail legends, however, is an impossibility to-day, as many stories are lost, and others are preserved only in part.

THE STORY OF THE HOLY GRAIL

The most important medieval stories of the Holy Grail are divisible into three groups: the Perceval Romances, the Stories of the Early History, the story of the Quest of the Holy Grail.

Of the first class, we have from the French *trouveur*, Chretien de Troyes, and his continuators, supposedly the oldest extant Grail romance "Perceval le Galois ou le Conte del Graal," consisting of sixty thousand verses, written between 1180 and 1240. The nature of the Holy Grail is not definitely described here, but apparently it is similar to an ostensorium gleaming with jewels. In this receptacle the Sacred Host was kept that was to be given to the father of the Fisher King. This "Perceval" includes also the story of Gawain in which the Grail is not "holy," but is rather a magic talisman, which functions only materially.

Of greater importance than the poem of Chretien de Troyes is the epic, "Parzival," written by the Bavarian poet, Wolfram von Eschenbach, about the year 1204. This narrative of twenty-four thousand eight hundred and ten verses is the most complete, and is virtually the final medieval handling of the two great themes involved in the Grail legend. Wolfram conceives of the Holy Grail as a precious stone of extraordinary purity, on which a consecrated Host, brought down from Heaven on every Good Friday, was placed by angels who had remained faithful during Lucifer's rebellion. Again, the Grail becomes a Sacred Cup, similar in appearance to a ciborium, carried by the spotless Queen Repanse, accompanied by virgins who carry a hyacinthine plate, and by a youth with a bloody spear. This account appears to be based on the lives of the saints and on certain apocryphal books of the New Testament, principally on the Gospel of Nicodemus. Wolfram's epic, which is tedious to read, is far



GLASTONBURY ABBEY IN RUINS

from pleasing the reader, for it puts him to a difficult task.

Two more, the Welsh "Mabinogi" (Boys' Stories) of Peredur by Wace, known only from manuscripts of the thirteenth century, and the English "Sir Percyvelle" of the fifteenth century, relate the adventures of Perceval, but in them no mention is made of the Grail.

SOME WRITERS OF THE GRAIL LEGEND

Of the Early History versions the oldest is the metrical trilogy, "Joseph d' Arimathie," "Merlin" and "Perceval," of Robert de Boron, all three written before 1214. The first is extant, of the second, five hundred and four verses are preserved, but the third poem is lost. A complete prose version of the three is preserved entire in the so-called Didot manuscript, "La Petite Quete." The most complete history of the Grail is the French prose romance, "Le Grand Saint Graal," written in the first half of the thirteenth century.

The story of the Holy Grail was given definite, scholarly guise by the pen of Geoffrey of Monmouth, the author of the History of the Kings of Britain, written about 1140. A considerable portion of this history is his own invention, and King Arthur as a romantic hero is his creation.

"La Quete del Saint Graal," written in Latin and translated into French probably by William Map, is the most authentic of Grail romances and the only one in which Galahad, the son of Lancelot of the Lake, is the Grail hero. On this legend Sir Thomas Malory based his *Morte d'*



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GREAT CHALICE OF ANTIOCH SHOWING CHRIST SEATED

NOTE:—We present herewith three pictures of the so-called "Great Chalice of Antioch," which is said to have been found at or near Antioch in 1910 by some Arabs who were digging. The first illustration is that of the chalice, while the other two show details thereon. The chalice is evidently of great antiquity, yet archeologists are not agreed as to its exact age. Some maintain its first-century origin, others hold that it does not antedate the third or the fourth centuries. The precious relic, which stands nearly eight inches high, is made of silver. This treasure is now in New York in the possession of the Kouchaky Freres, who have kindly permitted us to use these illustrations.—Editor.

Arthur, published in 1485, and Alfred Lord Tennyson, his *Idylls*, written between 1859 and 1885.

Malory's stories, which fill several books, relate adventures truly wondrous. He tells of knights and ladies and aching hearts, of brave deeds accompanied with the clang of armor and of castle gates. The spirit of the Grail hovers throughout, like the thought of Heaven. His endeavor was to restore the graciousness of the epoch "when knighthood was in flower." He peopled his story with magnanimous heroes, with disinterested champions of the helpless, with immortal lovers and their loves idealized, all of no era, but of all ages like the forests

wherein they forever travel. Through his story, as through Wolfram von Eschenbach's, giving it warmth and life, pulses the holy Faith, which inspired his pen.

When Tennyson, the Homer of England, sang his "*Idylls*," he failed to make his harp harmonize with the echoes that came to him through the centuries. His account of the quest of the Holy Grail is beautiful almost beyond description, but as he lacked the light that holy Faith gives and is, he sometimes strayed. His "*Idylls of the King*," sometimes called "*The Epic of Arthur*," consist of three parts—the Coming of Arthur, the Round Table, and the Passing of Arthur. The Round Table is made up of ten *Idylls*. If epic unity is sought in this collection, one finds it in the never-ending warfare of man's higher, against his lower, self. The dominant character throughout is Arthur, the pure, generous, tender, brave, human-hearted king. A mirror he is, reflecting to us Tennyson's own mind. For, just as Tennyson's ideal was an active life spent in God's service, so he portrays Arthur as displeased with his knights when he learns of their vow to seek until they achieve the Grail.

Neither Tennyson nor Malory, however, added anything to the Grail stories. They were the ambassadors extraordinary who revealed to the English-speaking people the beauties of the Grail legend, to which nothing has been added since "the thirteenth, greatest of centuries." However, light still streams from the Holy Grail, inspiring great men to works of art, in poetry, music and painting, some of which are masterpieces, and all of which tend to renew interest in the masterpieces of the past.

From James Lowell Russell's love for Tennyson came "*The Vision of Sir Launfal*." Unfortunately this poem lacks unity and Sir Launfal is a dreamer of dreams rather than a doer of deeds. Still, the poem contains much good and beauty, and adds to the angelic virtue the beautiful spirit of brotherly love as prerequisite to finding the Holy Grail.

THE HOLY GRAIL IN ART

About the time when Tennyson was writing "*Balin and Balan*," chronologically the last of his "*Idylls*," Wolfram's "*Parcival*," inspired the revolutionist of the musical world, Richard Wagner, with his great poetic opera of the same name.*

"*Lohengrin*," a romantic opera, another great work of Wagner, is here to delight us because the great composer was a lover of Grail stories. *Lohengrin* is the son of Parsifal, the third Grail

* To be recited in connection with the music of Wagner's composition, the Reverend Henry Brenner, O. S. B., has written a dramatic recitation which covers the entire opera.



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FIGURE OF ST. PETER ON CHALICE OF ANTIOCH

King. When, in the third act of the drama, Lohengrin is forced to reveal who he is in answer to his wife's question, all his and her happiness fades and the swan-knight sails away again into the unknown whence he came.*

THE LEGEND STILL HAS POWER TO DRAW

Interest in, and love for, the Holy Grail did not die with the nineteenth century. Although the age in which we live is a busy, restless, sadly immoral one, yet we find, especially in monasteries and Catholic seats of learning, lovers of the good, the true, the beautiful. No wonder,

* Not only has the Grail legend been the theme of pen and harp, but also the inspiration of the artist's brush, which, under guidance of the celestial Muse, has given to color warmth and ardent glow. Among American artists who have lent charm to this interesting topic are Edwin A. Abbey and Frederick Judd Waugh. The beautiful frieze decorations in fifteen panels on Grail subjects in the Boston Public Library by the former are well known; "The Knight of the Holy Grail," by the latter, which hangs in the National Gallery of Art at Washington, inspires the beholder with reverence and devotion.

then, that the art and the poetry of the twentieth century reflect the beauties of the Holy Grail as the highest mountain peaks do the gold and crimson of the remote West at day's decline.

Beginning in November, 1922, and continuing for seven successive months, a poem entitled "The Holy Grail," written by Dr. Helen Hughes Hielscher, appeared in the pages of THE GRAIL. Dr. Hielscher's reason for writing the poem is given in these words: "There is a part of the history of the Grail that has not been touched by any of the writers, that is to say, from the time the Sacred Cup was lost to the time of the stories of Amfortas and Parsifal, with the shadowy figure of Titarel in the background." This poem brings the story down to where so many have taken it up. Rippling like a brook from the wellspring of Malory's works, Dr. Hielscher's poem is very attractive to all lovers of the Grail, for it harmonizes beautifully with all that is found in the pages of the magazine in which it occurs, a magazine that is "a joy to any heart that loves and longs for Catholic excellence." Several more recent numbers of the magazine have been graced with



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ST. JUDE THADDEUS ON CHALICE OF ANTIOCH

sonnets on "The Holy Grail," poetic gems from the pen of Dom Hugh Bevenot O. S. B.

THE ANTIOCH CHALICE

Published by the Syrian firm, the Kouchaky Freres, in New York, the two-volume work of Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen, "The Great Chalice of Antioch" gives considerable publicity to a chalice unearthed at Antioch in 1910. Professor Arthur Bernard Cook, of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Josef Strzygowski, noted Professor of Archeology at the University of Vienna, whose statement occurs in the 1924 "Jahrbuch der Asiatischen Kunst," corroborate the first-century* origin of this chalice, described in "Columbia" (March, 1925), as follows: "The Chalice consists of two parts: an outer shell of elaborate workmanship, hammered out of a sheet of silver and carved with all the technique of classical art. It is a first-century product and serves as a holder for the inner cup, which is older and crudely finished. The latter was evidently a sacred Eucharistic relic in apostolic days. Naturally the Chalice has suffered considerably from its burial in the earth for about one thousand five hundred years. The actual height of the Chalice is seven and fifty-six hundredths inches." This chalice is now in New York, and Dr. Eisen, by raising the question as to whether or not this is the Holy Grail, the Cup of the Last Supper, has turned the quest from the realm of romance to that of historic truth.

A SYMBOL OF THE EUCHARIST

Although medieval in spirit, the legend of the Holy Grail belongs to all ages wherein men have lived and sinned and suffered. Rich in symbolism, it is especially dear to hearts with a Catholic instinct, for to such the Holy Grail means as it did to Percivale:

"And at the sacring of the Mass I saw
The Holy Elements alone."

—("Holy Grail." ll. 462-463.)

The Holy Grail symbolizes the Blessed Sacrament, while the quest for the Grail symbolizes the struggle required to preserve purity of heart, the only requisite for the worthy reception of Holy Communion. Galahad, the personification of that perfect purity which has never yielded to temptation, is typical of the priests of God, who, like Angels incarnate, guard the Eternal Beauty which Galahad could not look upon and live. He, of whom Tennyson wrote:

* Other scientists, with opinions of great weight in learned circles, declare that this chalice can hardly antedate the fourth century—certainly not the third century.—Editor.

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure,"

was, nevertheless, too weak to endure the sight of the Holy Grail, for which he had striven with a fortitude and a sinlessness hitherto unknown in Arthur's court.

Tennyson concludes his "Holy Grail" with these words, spoken by Percival:

"So spoke the King: I knew not all he meant."

Keeping the idea that the Grail is the chalice rather than that which the chalice contains, the Reverend Arthur Barry O'Neill C. S. C., of happy memory, would have told him all that is meant by the Grail story thus:

"Who daily seeks the white Communion rail,
His heart becomes in truth a holy Grail."

—("The Grail," in THE GRAIL, Vol. 1, May, 1919.)

Have You Met This One?

(Continued from page 11)

so crowded with the Sunday traffic. The boys sure did step on the gas. . . .

"Well, no; of course we couldn't go to Mass before we started. That was much too early for even the first Mass. Besides, there were only two Catholics in the crowd. And I thought maybe we'd get to Mass somewhere at the lake. It's supposed to be such a swell summer resort. But there wasn't any Catholic Church up there—at least, I didn't see any. But we certainly had a jolly time. A dandy bunch, that crowd is. . . .

"We girls took the lunch. I had mother fix up a lot of sandwiches, and salad, and cake and things. She thought it cost too much, and was awfully hard work for her all Saturday afternoon, but a girl has to do her part to keep up with the rest of the crowd. . . . and we certainly did make a day of it. Nearly all our mother's were worried because we got home so late. But I tell mother she is old-fashioned. We girls have to have some fun on Sundays, after we work hard all week. And she sure made a disturbance because I missed Mass, but how was I to know there wasn't any Catholic church up there? Besides, there being only two Catholics in the crowd, what could we do? . . .

"Oh, must you leave me here? . . . Well, good-by, then. I hope you have a good time at the Sodality meeting, though I think they're stupid myself—and anyway, all they want is your money; and I don't think it's fair,—when a girl has to work so hard for her money."

The ancient Hebrews contributed generously to the adornment of the temple because they were zealous for the external glory of God.

The House of the Three Larches

A Tale of Switzerland, by Maurus Carnot, O. S. B., Translated and adapted by

MARY E. MANNIX

CHAPTER 8

ON THE MARCH—AN INTERVIEW

IT was the ninth of May, the feast of the Ascension, and the first bright day of that gloomy year. The people of the valley were abroad, for the day was holy.

The church bells had ceased ringing, as the good pastor came forth from the sanctuary. His countenance was troubled, his eyes sad and anxious. He began his sermon by speaking of the day they celebrated, but it was not long before he passed to the subject nearest their hearts; the war that was impending, the loyalty that should bind them together, now that their beloved Samnaum was threatened, the Confederacy, their honors, their very lives endangered.

Louder and louder swelled his voice as he besought them, in spite of the Imperial Eagle, in spite of the sword and guns of the enemy, to be true to their country and to each other to the last man, to the judgment day. Women wept, none more than Rosa and Philomena, seated together on one of the benches; both unaware of the gaze of Genoveva, who sat behind them. Mathias Jenal, the smith, stood up on the bench he had occupied, till it cracked beneath his weight. He was anxious to see the effect of the words of the priest on his various neighbors, while he cast his eyes about from one to another as though he might then and there attack anyone whose expression of countenance he thought disaffected. Never was High Mass more devoutly sung, never prayers more devoutly said than on that Ascension morning.

After Mass the men assembled in the house of the pastor for the first time since the death of Jan von Laret. They were unanimous in wishing his son to occupy his place as chairman of the meeting. He was loath to do it, but the priest, laying his hand on Korsin's shoulder, said to him:

"Korsin, the old men want you, and so do I. Lend us some of your fiery spirit, and we can help each other in the struggle that lies before us."

Then he sat down in the armchair near the window. The proceedings began. There were two documents in evidence; the first came from the seat of war, Glunds, in Bintschgau, was signed by the General of the troops, Ulrich

von Habsburg, and had ordered the Samnauners out to the number of twenty men with shovels and axes, in order to prepare the road for the larger army. The second, had been issued from Zuoz; it was an earnest request that all taxpayers, property owners and citizens of the three cantons, should hold themselves in readiness; that is, as many of them as were able to carry a staff or wield a sword.

Deep silence reigned for a few moments after Korsin had read the proclamations and placed them in the inner pocket of his coat. Then he rose and said:

"My elders should speak first; let me hear what they have to say. It remains with us to choose between Chamois and Eagle. And there is no Samnauner who can hesitate in his decision. Hurrah for the Chamois!"

A loud murmur of approbation, followed by sharp discussions between the neighbors now ensued. The proposition of Peter, the native Tyrolean, that in case the Imperial troops should be in the vicinity, some of the valley men should be sent to meet them with shovels and axes, was met with unanimous disapproval. Then rose old Pistor, and planting himself in front of Peter, looked him squarely in the eyes; while the Tyrolean said in a frightened voice, "It is very hard for me to fight against the Eagle, under which I was born; but, if it must be, I am ready to go with whoever is chosen—to Zuoz."

"No, no," cried old Pistor. "You are no true valley man; you could not fight against the Eagle with your whole heart. You should stay at home here to feed and tend the cattle while we are gone."

Then followed a lively discussion as to what should be done; how many men could be mustered and so on.

"I shall be one," said the priest, leaving his armchair and placing himself in the midst of the group. "I am gray, but I am not old."

"No, no, you must stay here. No, the priest must remain in the valley. No, Father, we will prepare our souls before we go. We shall not need you." Came from all parts of the room.

"And, Korsin, must you go?" asked the priest, taking the young man's hand in his own. "Down yonder there is a new-made grave. You are the last of the von Larets, you have a mother and sister who need you. O Korsin, I think it is your place to stay here."

"Nay, nay, he must lead us," cried several voices.

"And I would despise myself as a most cowardly and unworthy Samnauner, not fit to live another day in the valley, should I remain at home, while gray-haired men are ready to march. No—honored Father, I must go; not as Captain, but go I must."

Then all those present, cried out:

"As our Captain, as our Captain!"

Some busy hours followed. That day the Vespers were omitted. The men were getting ready, soul and body. It had been decided that they were to start in the afternoon. Axes were sharpened, halberds brought from under the roof; Mathias, the smith, could hardly do all the work that lay before him in the smithy. Dried meat and rye bread were packed in bags, and as the day wore on, men could be seen walking about in their doublets and leathern trousers—ready for the journey.

On the village street, in the open doors of the houses, and within them, could be heard sounds of prayer, weeping and the leave-taking of departing neighbors.

The old pastor himself rang the great bell, as the company, six and forty strong, marched through the village and disappeared in the forest.

When they reached St. Martin's bridge, the afternoon was far spent. At last they halted in an open space where the evening sun smiled down upon them kindly, and while they ate their dry meat and bread, their thoughts were of the home and loved ones they had left behind. Old Pistor crept up to his Captain, stretched himself beside him, and said in a low voice:

"I shall never see Samnaun again, Korsin; you will have to find another servant. Do not shake your head; it is the truth, I feel it. This is no 'Hen War,' it is a struggle with the Eagle. Still, if you can do it, if it is possible to bring me back, put me in a corner of the old graveyard, and plant a cross over me—yonder in the dear little valley. I had hoped to die there, Korsin, but it is not to be. Still, one ought not to complain. The pastor told us to be true to our principle and all would be well. To-day—Ascension Day, he said it—you remember, Korsin?" and then he fell into a low wailing lament for his beloved Samnaun.

While Pistor had been speaking, Korsin sat leaning against a tree, hardly conscious of what the old man was saying. Wrapped in his long gray cloak, his gray hat drawn down over his eyes, his bow and arrow in its leathern case across his knee, his thoughts were far away. Presently the old man, who was devoted to his young master, began to think that he had been too much occupied with his own affairs. He

stood up, stretched his limbs, and looking down at Korsin, said:

"When we reach Schuls, our Captain must get a new outfit; there is not in the whole Engadine a handsomer or manlier Captain than our Korsin. Therefore, he should be well clad and caparisoned. Yes, a fine new uniform, Korsin, and when you return from the war, the mother and sister—and sweet little Rosa, and the pastor, will all be there to welcome you. How happy you will be that day, Korsin."

"Do you think, Pistor, that I shall return again? Never! Be sure that on the battlefield I shall not hide behind a tree or a stone. I am certain to fall, Pistor." With these words, Korsin stood up, while his strong bow clattered to the ground. And he cried aloud to the men lying on the grass about him:

"Men, hear ye all! If I am your Captain, I will try to do my part well. We have crossed the frontier, and it remains for the Oberengadiners to question us as they will. 'Is there nothing to fear from the Unterengadiners?' they will ask—and we cannot answer, for we do not know how things stand. On this account I shall go to Pfunds and investigate."

"Not at all," cried Pistor. "You alone—our Captain? I will go, if I should be killed. There will be no one to mourn for me, and I shall have died near enough to my dear home to be buried there."

"Pistor, I must go. I am quick of foot and of sight; I do not believe that in all Samnaun there is a better hunter than I. If anyone goes along, it shall be a younger man than you are. The rest will march slowly towards Schuls and there we shall meet. That is my wish—my command."

No one opposed him, though the elder man insisted that he should take a companion. In a short time they were on their way; they had not gone far, when Korsin said:

"Stay you here now, and watch the road to Raunders. I will go alone to Pfunds; as soon as the sun sinks behind the mountains, I shall be here again. Do you understand? I have to get some information."

"But, Captain Korsinus?"

"Not a word; I have a dagger in my bosom." Korsin's eyes glittered strangely. The young man said no more. Korsin struck out boldly on the path.

He walked rapidly, and soon came in sight of the executioner's farm; one of the little girls he had seen nine days before was driving two goats into the yard. Korsin stopped, put a silver coin in her hand, and said to her. "Will you do me a little favor, my child?"

"Yes indeed. What is it?"

"First of all, you must promise not to tell.

Do you know Johanna of the Eagle Inn? I would like to see her—here."

"Yes, and I shall say nothing to anyone. Stay here, and I will fetch her."

"But she must come alone."

"She is usually in the church at this hour—therefore she will be alone," said the child.

"Very well, fetch her here and I will give you another piece of silver."

"What name shall I say?"

"Tell her the silver chain is waiting for her."

"Yes, the silver chain."

The child sped on her errand and Korsin threw himself on the ground; he was tired, anxious, and excited. He had not been there long, before he heard the door of the house open. He got on his feet quickly, for he saw the executioner approaching and did not wish to be seen by him. The man turned his steps toward the field where lay the bodies of those who had died on the scaffold.

Korsin saw that he had a spade in his hand; he made the sign of the cross and began to dig in the earth. Korsin had hidden himself behind a tree.

He had not been there long before he saw two figures in the distance. In the soft twilight they came; he watched them cross the little stream; it was the child—and Johanna. Nearer and nearer they approached. When they reached the spot where he stood hidden, they were about to pass on, but Korsin whispered softly, "Johanna!"

She started, paused, and reached forth her hand. He took it, laid his finger on his lips and turning to the

little girl, he said in a low voice: "Here is another piece of silver. Hasten home now my child. But if you should ever breathe a word of this, I shall be sure to take both coins away from you and—"

"My lips shall be as those of the dead," she replied, solemnly glancing as she spoke, towards the spot in the distance, where her father was busy with his spade. In a moment she had passed out of sight.

Then Korsin, still holding Johanna's hand,

led her back the way she came, until they reached the bridge. There they sat down.

"Johanna," said Korsin, "it is war now, bitter war, and I have been chosen Captain of the Samnauers."

"O God, I know it. My father is gone, he is already in Glurks. And you—against the Tyroleans?"

"For the Chamois, against the Eagle."

"Are your people already on the march?"

"Yes." He moved away from her and cried out, "Johanna, how can you look me in the face; Johanna, is it true that all we have promised each other, has been sworn by you?"

"Korsin!"

"I see that all is over; give me the silver chain, which was the pledge of our fidelity."

"Oh, Korsin!"

"Give it to me, I say, that I may break it in twain, as you have broken my heart."

"Korsin," she cried, "if I could only explain! You cannot understand."

"What can there be to understand?" he said. "The truth is very simple; tell me in plain words, are you not, betrothed to

(Continued on p. 37)



HIS EMINENCE

FRANCIS AIDAN CARD. GASQUET,

O. S. B., S. T. D.

Cardinal Gasquet, who died suddenly at Rome on April 5th, was born in London on Oct. 5, 1846. Having entered Downside Abbey, he made his religious profession there as a Benedictine on Sept. 30, 1867; seven years later, on Dec. 19, 1874, he was ordained to the priesthood. From 1878 to 1885 he was prior of Downside Abbey; then in 1900 he was named Abbot President of the English Benedictine Congregation, a position he held until his elevation to the dignity of Cardinal Deacon on May 25, 1914. At the time of his golden jubilee in the priesthood the Holy Father raised him to the rank of Cardinal Priest.—The body of the deceased Cardinal was shipped to England for burial at Downside Abbey.

Great was the esteem in which the deceased Prince of the Church was held. In 1907 Pope Pius X, of saintly memory, appointed him President of the Biblical Commission. Not only was His Eminence a profound scholar, but he was also a tireless worker, the author of many works and one of the best English writers of the age.

R. I. P.

Mother Pauline von Mallinckrodt

F. J., O. S. B.

THE Roman Martyrology is the official catalog of those favored souls who, after a life of Christian perfection, have been united to their Lord and God in Beatific Vision. As time goes on other names will be added to that long list of God's faithful servants. It is the fond hope and earnest prayer of the Sisters of Christian Charity, and of many Catholics throughout the world to find enrolled there some day the name of Pauline von Mallinckrodt, foundress of the Sisters of Christian Charity, and a soul deeply devoted to our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist.

Pauline, the eldest of four children was born at Minden, in Westphalia, Prussia, June 3, 1817, to Detmar Carl von Mallinckrodt and Bernardine von Hartmann. Her brother was the renowned Herman von Mallinckrodt, who, as a distinguished parliamentarian, defended the rights and liberty of the Church especially in the dark and troublesome days of the Kulturkampf.

The greater part of her early life was spent in Aix-la-Chapelle, where her father was Governor. True to the promises made at his marriage, her father, a Protestant, had all his children brought up in the Catholic Faith. Pauline's early education was received at St. Leonard's Academy

where she came under the powerful and salutary influence of her teacher, Louise Hensel, a convert and writer of German religious poetry. Among her class- and schoolmates she counted as her intimate friends and companions, Clara Fey, who became the foundress and first Superioress of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus; Frances Schervier, foundress of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis; and Anna von Lommensen, who entered the community of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, governed by the holy and renowned Madame Barat, now St. Madeline So-

phie. The last mentioned of her dear friends in a few choice words gives us an insight into the beautiful character of her classmate: "Pauline," she said, "attended with me St. Leonard's Academy. I remember that she distinguished herself by her amiability, her desire of knowledge, and particularly of her charity. Her charity did not tolerate the slightest criticism of others.—She always tried to excuse everyone, so much so that her companions jokingly said: 'If there were a means of whitewashing the devil you would use it immediately.'" Truly a

model for our own times when men and women have forgotten this salutary lesson of humility and charity and destroy their peace of soul and body and that of their neighbor in bitter criticism and sins of slander, calumny, and detraction! Under the wholesome influence of Louise Hensel and that of her spiritual director, the learned and pious Rev. Dr. Classen (later Auxiliary Bishop of Cologne) God prepared his servant for the work that she was later destined to accomplish for the Church. Higher studies were pursued by Pauline at a French Academy in Liège in 1832. Upon her return from France she made her debut. Although distasteful to her, Pauline entered society because



PAULINE VON MALLINCKRODT

her father's rank required it. "I did it cheerfully," she writes, "but I always endeavored to think of God and remain united with Him."

When only seventeen Pauline lost her beloved mother, a woman gifted with natural and spiritual traits of a high order. At her father's request Pauline assumed the charge of the household, thus being further burdened with the many distractions that accompany the entertainment of aristocratic circles, and also the responsibilities of looking after the needs of her brothers and sister.

The Sacrament of Confirmation was con-

ferred on Pauline when she was eighteen. It was in this sacrament that the Holy Ghost filled her with many graces and blessings, among them the grace to decline the proposal in marriage of a respectable Protestant youth. Thus she was able to give herself over more and more to her heart's one desire, namely of casting aside the things of the world so as to be better able to devote and unite herself more closely to God. Being still in the world, she was nevertheless ever obedient and respectful to her father. With all cheerfulness she met the many claims made upon her by society and the members of her immediate family. With the temporal she happily combined the spiritual, for whatever spare time was at her disposal she devoted to visiting the sick and the poor, administering to the wants of the needy and afflicted, in caring for the poor and neglected children and poor old women of Aix-la-Chapelle. She found the greatest strength and courage in prayer, especially before the Blessed Sacrament. "The most important—first! First the salvation of one's soul; without solicitude and prayer it cannot be accomplished," was one of her favorite maxims.

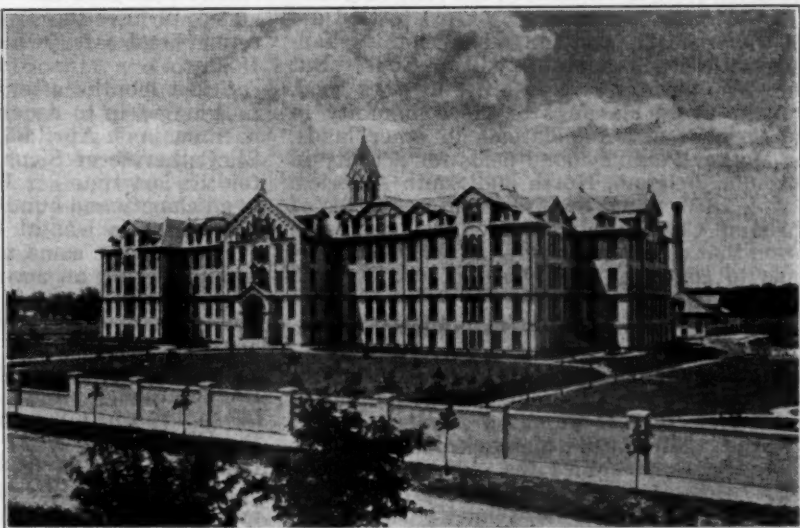
Pauline was twenty-three when her father retired from government service. From that time their interests were divided between Boedekken and Paderborn, the former in summer, the latter in winter. As there was no Catholic Church in Boedekken Pauline was forced to travel to Wewelsburg quite some distance from her home in order to remain faithful to her practice of daily Communion. She herself tells us in her Memoirs: "It was very considerate of father to permit me to go to Wewelsburg every morning, which made it possible for me to receive daily as I had done in Aix-la-Chapelle." In the Eucharist she found strength and help for the duties of her daily life. She realized that as the body cannot be sustained without the proper nourishment so also the soul must have its food, which is Jesus in the Eucharist. Holy Communion was the banquet table at which she daily feasted. It was everything to her.

In Paderborn she became an active member of the society founded by Father Gossler, a Franciscan,

the purpose of which was to care for the sick and the poor in their homes. In 1841 the same society opened a day nursery, which from its very inception was under the guidance of Pauline.

After her father's death in 1840 Pauline continued with renewed zeal to devote her time to charitable works. Much of her time was given to the care and instruction of forlorn and blind children, who had been recommended to her charity by Dr. Herman Schmidt, an intimate friend of the Mallinckrodt family. Upon the advice of this close friend Pauline opened a private asylum for these poor unfortunates. This little institution prospered under her vigilant eye to such an extent that by 1847 it was incorporated with the Catholic Division of the Provincial School of the Blind.

With all her active work in the interest of the poor and the blind Pauline retained the desire to give herself to God in religious life. She had heretofore given Him of her earthly substance and now she was not at rest till all should be His. But she loved the poor and the blind and felt that she could unite the one with the other, for she was loathe to surrender her children. With such a purpose in view she resolved to enter that community which should consent to assume charge of the blind children in her care. Her every attempt in this enterprise failed, but she never lost hope or confidence. In these sad hours she sought and found consolation and aid nowhere save in Holy Communion, that precious panacea of all ills and troubles. She was resigned to God's will, putting her trust in His Eucharistic Heart, for she knew full well that He was Omniscient and Wise, and would



MOTHER HOUSE OF SISTERS OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY, WILMETTE, ILLINOIS

come to her assistance. In all humility she relied upon His will since it was her firm conviction that "whether a thing be easy or difficult, pleasant or unpleasant, matters little; if it is the will of God, it must be done." Dr. Classen advised her to remain with the work she had begun and to found a religious community for that purpose. She sought the advice of the Bishops of Cologne and Paderborn, with Father Boekamp, V. G., and Fr. Tewes, her spiritual director, all of whom came to the conclusion that she should found a new religious community. This she did on August 21, 1849, under the title of Sisters of Christian Charity. With three companions she received the religious habit and blessing of the Church from the hands of Rt. Rev. Francis Drepper, D. D., Bishop of Paderborn. November 4, 1850, saw Pauline pronounce her temporary vows, while on the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel (July 16), 1866, she consecrated herself perpetually to God. Through the untiring efforts of Bishop Martin (successor to Bp. Drepper) in Paderborn, the Papal Decree of Praise, in which the community was recommended and enriched with indulgences, was issued April 13, 1859. The Holy See approved the Congregation in 1863, while the Final Approbation was given the Constitution of the Congregation on February 4, 1888.

For quite some time everything proved bright and fair for the new community, but soon the days of trial were to visit Mother Pauline and her young community. In 1871 the dark clouds of persecution shadowed the Catholic Church in Germany. One of the accompanying evils of the Kulturkampf was the expulsion from the schools of the religious. But withal Mother Mallinckrodt's trust in God did not waver in the least for to her "nothing happens without the adorable will of God." But God, Who permits evils in order to work good, brought many blessings to the community in the form of new foundations in other lands, for Mother Pauline found fields for activity in Bohemia, Belgium, North and South America. May 4, 1873, found the first band of Sisters of Christian Charity set foot upon American soil, for on that day eight Sisters landed in New Orleans to continue their work of charity and Christian education.

Upon the warm and urgent invitation of the late Rev. P. C. Nagel, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Mother Pauline left Europe for America to complete plans for a provincial mother house in the Diocese of Scranton under Bishop O'Hara. Till 1916 Mallinckrodt Convent, Wilkes-Barre, remained the American mother house when it was transferred to Wilmette, Ill. In September, 1927, Wilmette became the general house for the Western Province of the Congregation, while at Mallinckrodt Convent,

Mendham, N. J., the eastern mother house was erected. The generalate of the entire congregation is at Paderborn, but negotiations are now afoot to have it transferred to Rome, Italy. Soon after the establishment of the Wilkes-Barre house, other foundations were made, even in tropical South America.

New Years of 1877 saw Mother Pauline's heart weighed down with sorrow as the government had ordered the dissolution of the European mother house. Forced from her beloved Paderborn, the saintly foundress sought refuge in Mt. St. Guibert in Belgium, which had now become the temporary mother house of the congregation. Here in exile she offered shelter to the persecuted Bishop of Paderborn, the Rt. Rev. Conrad Martin.

Two years later God manifested His Love to His servant by giving her a presentiment of her approaching end. In the chronicles of the congregation we read the following passage: "Soon after the death of Bishop Martin one could see that Mother Pauline was contemplating something special. She remained in prayer almost constantly, and often she knelt before the Blessed Sacrament until late in the evening. She did consider great things there before the Lord, as we were soon to see." Acting upon the premonition from heaven she informed her spiritual daughters of her intention to visit the foundations in the two Americas and throughout Europe—an announcement that filled them with alarm, since Mother Pauline was then in her sixty-third year. In vain did they strive to dissuade her from her contemplated travel. "I am the mother," she told them, "not only of my children in Europe, but also of my dear children in America." To put them at ease she added, "I have the firm conviction that I shall return home safe," which she did in September, 1880.

Seven months after her return from the fatiguing trip to America, she became ill with pneumonia on April 25, 1881. On the Feast of St. Catherine of Siena, the holy soul received for the last time her Eucharistic Lord, Whom in all charity and humility she had so faithfully served. This was at break of day. At nine o'clock of that same morning Mother Pauline was rendering an account of her stewardship to her Divine Master. St. Conrad's Chapel in the convent cemetery of the Paderborn mother house contains all that is mortal of the saintly foundress of the Sisters of Christian Charity, Daughters of the Immaculate Conception. (The latter title was given the Congregation by Pope Pius IX shortly after the declaration of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception).

Like all true saints Mother Pauline possessed many virtues worthy of emulation. She was not what we could call an austere person. There is nothing heroic or forbidding about her.

Nothing of an extraordinary character marks her life. She was not favored with visions or ecstasies. Her life was one of ordinary events, but undoubtedly performed in an extraordinary manner. She evidently believed in doing the ordinary things of life in an extraordinary way. Charity and humility are but two of her outstanding qualities. But perhaps the greatest of all was her tender and undying devotion to Jesus in the Eucharist. In her own words "The Blessed Sacrament is my life, my bliss." From her early years she was attracted to the Holy Eucharist, especially to Holy Communion. Even as a child she devoted hours to prayer, and knew no greater pleasure than to make frequent visits to Jesus in His Prison of Love. She could scarcely contain herself with joy when she was permitted by her Confessor to receive Communion at an early age, and again when she was allowed to receive frequently. "Daily Communion was her constant aim, her desire, and her life; no sacrifice, no difficulty could keep her from the heavenly Banquet," was the testimony of her friend, Anna Lommensen. Her Sisters in religion bear witness of her ardent love of the Blessed Sacrament. Frequently they saw tears of emotion roll down her cheeks while she knelt wrapt in prayer and adoration before the Tabernacle. Often they found her kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, holding in one hand a sheet of paper on which she had written little notes, and making gestures with the other, while confiding her plans to the Omniscient Lord behind the barred prison door of Love. So absorbed in prayer was she that she never noticed who entered or left the chapel.

As was remarked there was nothing that could deter her from the reception of Holy Communion or the hearing of Mass. When compelled to do much travelling, as was necessitated during the period of the Kulturkampf, and also upon her visitation tours, she suffered many and grave inconveniences so as not to be denied the grace of sacramental union with her Lord in Communion. The early hour of the morning or great distance from a church were unable to keep her from assisting at least at one Mass. "Abundance to the soul, to the body that which is necessary" was her saying.

Her joy hardly knew bounds when the Blessed Sacrament was allowed to be preserved in any of her foundations. All her worries and troubles connected with their establishment were recompensed if such a great distinction and honor were conferred on her houses. According to her own words she was "willing to build houses and houses amid the greatest of difficulties if such a Guest as Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament should deign to take up His abode therein."

Everything done in honor of the Blessed Eucharist, such as decorating the altars, sing-

ing, rehearsals, etc., she required to be performed with the utmost reverence and gravity. If she found it necessary to address any of the Sisters on such an occasion, she beckoned her to leave the chapel with her.

Such devotion to the Blessed Eucharist drew down upon her and the community innumerable blessings and graces. Her congregation has received the Divine approbation. To-day after little more than three quarters of a century the Sisters of Christian Charity number over 2000 in 117 foundations. More than fifty-five foundations are to be found in the United States alone.

His Eminence, Cardinal Mundelein, tells us that "the life story of Pauline von Mallinckrodt should fan into white heat the religious spirit and the enlightened zeal of her daughters. For the splendor of great natural gifts, the power of supernatural impulses, the unerring guidance of Divine Providence, are so focused in her life as to touch every religious heart as a light and an inspiration from above. Happily for our age and country, her piety is not of a forbidding character, but rather an attractive blending of a sensible practical attention to workaday affairs with a deep and restful insight into the meaning of the interior life." Mother Pauline was loved and esteemed by all who knew her. Although not officially declared a Saint by the Church, in private opinion she is a "saint." The process of beatification, which was introduced in May, 1926, is in charge of a Franciscan Father. Several Sisters of her congregation who knew Mother Mallinckrodt, and such as have obtained favors through her intercession, were called upon to bear testimony to her sanctity. A number of favors* obtained through Mother Pauline are recorded, but, as yet, remain unpublished.

"Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee in the Name of Thy Beloved Son, Jesus Christ and through the intercession of His Immaculate Mother, Mary, glorify Thyself in Thy servant PAULINE and grant that the halo of the Blessed may soon adorn her. Amen."

Imprimatur: Geo. Card. Mundelein, Archbp. Chicago.

* NOTE:—Those who after confident prayer receive favors through the intercession of the Servant of God, Mother Pauline, are requested to make them known to the Sisters of Christian Charity, Wilmette, Ill.

I Hear a Voice

ELIZABETH VOSS

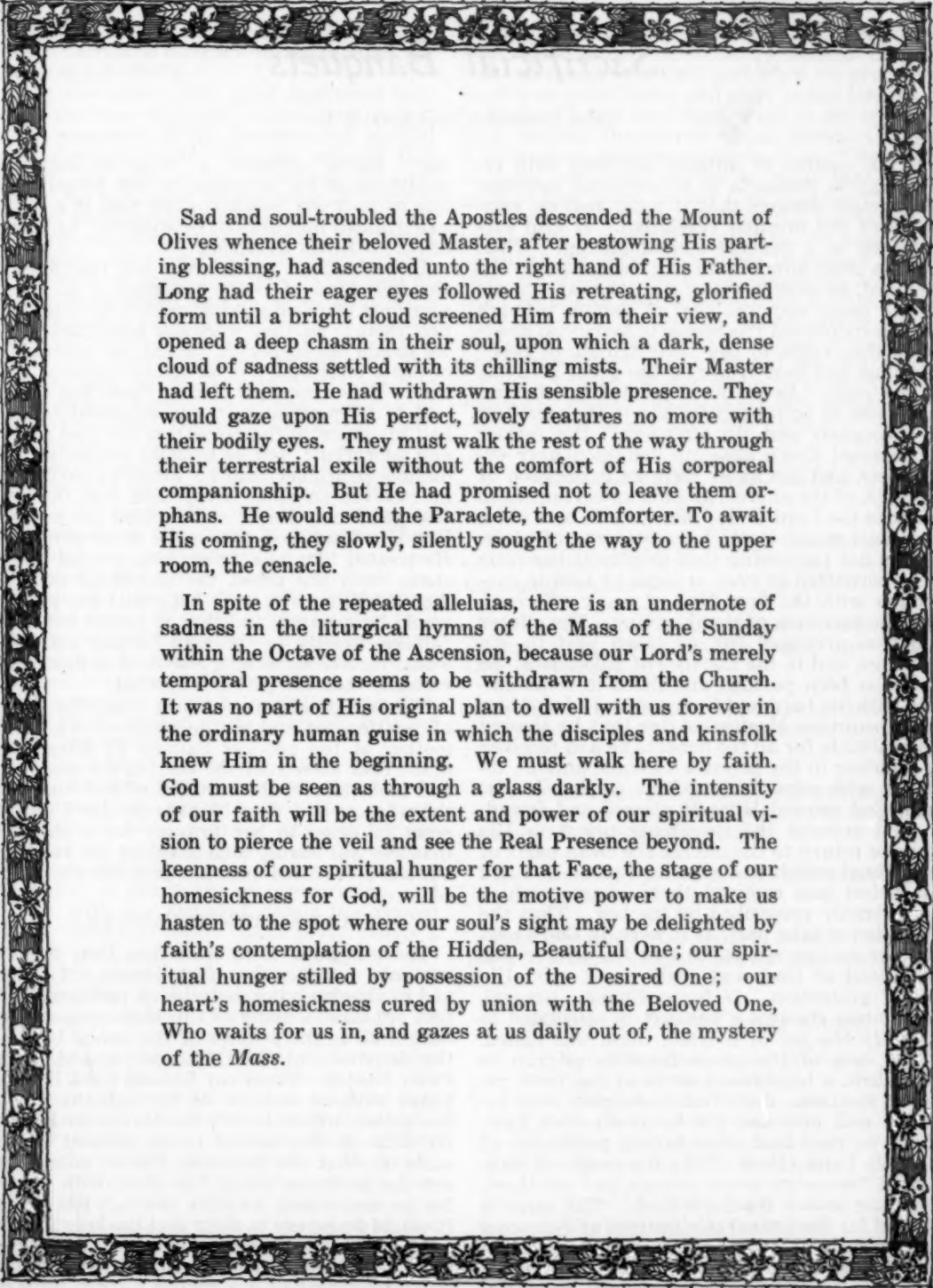
Only in silence, where no creatures dwell,
I speak to God and listen to His voice;
The gates of Heaven are parted; I rejoice,
And through His grace I know that all is well.
His voice is to my soul as wine and meat—
A homing-dove within my heart; my choice
Draws me in adoration to His feet.

"My heart hath said to thee: My face hath sought thee; thy face, O Lord, I will still seek."—Ps. 26:8.

Homesick for God

Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.

SLOWLY a sorrowing procession wended its way up the ascent of Mt. Olivet a thousand years B. C., when a rebellious, profligate son caused King David to flee from Jerusalem with a few faithful adherents to his cause and person. He went up "weeping, walking barefoot, and with his head covered; and all the people that were with them, went up with their head covered and weeping."—(2 Kings 15:30.) More deeply than the loss of royal palace and regal power, David's soul sensed the deprivation of the Lord's Tabernacle, where he was wont to attend the religious worship and sweet-savory sacrifices, lending his voice and harp to the chanting of the praises of the Lord. It may be that during the ennuying days of that forced exile he gave vent to the soulful sentiments expressed in the most beautiful elegy of the Book of Psalms, the forty-first Psalm: "As the heart panteth after the fountains of water; so my soul panteth after thee, O God. My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God; when shall I come and appear before the face of God? My tears have been my bread day and night, whilst it is said to me daily: Where is thy God? These things I remembered, and poured out my soul in me: for I shall go over into the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the house of God: with the voice of joy and praise; the noise of one feasting." His ardent soul was in truth consumed by homesickness for his God.

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Sad and soul-troubled the Apostles descended the Mount of Olives whence their beloved Master, after bestowing His parting blessing, had ascended unto the right hand of His Father. Long had their eager eyes followed His retreating, glorified form until a bright cloud screened Him from their view, and opened a deep chasm in their soul, upon which a dark, dense cloud of sadness settled with its chilling mists. Their Master had left them. He had withdrawn His sensible presence. They would gaze upon His perfect, lovely features no more with their bodily eyes. They must walk the rest of the way through their terrestrial exile without the comfort of His corporeal companionship. But He had promised not to leave them orphans. He would send the Paraclete, the Comforter. To await His coming, they slowly, silently sought the way to the upper room, the cenacle.

In spite of the repeated alleluias, there is an undernote of sadness in the liturgical hymns of the Mass of the Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension, because our Lord's merely temporal presence seems to be withdrawn from the Church. It was no part of His original plan to dwell with us forever in the ordinary human guise in which the disciples and kinsfolk knew Him in the beginning. We must walk here by faith. God must be seen as through a glass darkly. The intensity of our faith will be the extent and power of our spiritual vision to pierce the veil and see the Real Presence beyond. The keenness of our spiritual hunger for that Face, the stage of our homesickness for God, will be the motive power to make us hasten to the spot where our soul's sight may be delighted by faith's contemplation of the Hidden, Beautiful One; our spiritual hunger stilled by possession of the Desired One; our heart's homesickness cured by union with the Beloved One, Who waits for us in, and gazes at us daily out of, the mystery of the *Mass*.

Sacrificial Banquets

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

THE custom of uniting sacrifices with religious banquets is so universal amongst the ancient nations that it must rest on remnants of the original revelation. It also corresponds to a general human feeling. When tenants meet annually to pay their dues to the landlord, he usually entertains them at a meal; in the same way the God of Israel, through his priests, invited His people to sacrificial meals when they came to pay their tribute of peace offerings and first fruits on the great festivals of the year. As we have pointed out before, there was no such participation in the sacrifices of holocausts and sin offerings; the former represented God's absolute dominion over everything, and the latter were an expression of the guilt of the offerer, and his unworthiness to speak to the Lord God; therefore in both cases sacrificial meals would have been out of place. —It is not surprising that sacrificial banquets were permitted or even ordered by God in connection with the first kind of peace offerings, viz., the sacrifices of thanksgiving. The offerer had first arranged for, or taken part in, sin offerings, and in the sacrifice of holocausts; he had thus been purified and fitted to communicate with his Lord and God, and had adored him as his supreme Master. After that he showed his gratitude for all the benefits he had received by handing to the priest a valuable animal, together with some fruits of the earth. In His turn, God showed Himself pleased and friendly, and ordered the sacrificing priest in His name to return to the offerer the clean parts of the animal which had remained after God and His priest had received their shares, which were strictly prescribed by the law. Thus the invitation to take part, as it were, in God's own banquet was an assurance that the offerer was the friend of God, and could count upon His special protection. If for ordinary, natural, and human reasons a banquet is calculated to intensify the joy of a feast, there was added, in the case of the pious Israelite pilgrim to Jerusalem, a heightened sense of joy from religious motives. Such festive delights were intended and provided for by God's own Law. There we read that after taking possession of the Holy Land (Deut. 27:7) the people of Israel shall "*immolate peace victims and eat there, and feast before the Lord God.*" The same is ordered for the annual celebrations of Pentecost and the feast of Tabernacles, with the addition that they should "*make merry.*" (Deut. 16:11, 16.) We find also records of such sacrificial meals on other occasions of joy or thanksgiving:

David ordered a feast at Solomon's anointing as his successor in the kingship; in like manner did Solomon after God in a dream had granted him the gift of wisdom. (1 Chron. 29:22; 3 Kings 3:11, 15.)

But sacrificial meals were not restricted to the first kind of peace offerings, i. e., to the sacrifices of thanksgiving, where we might expect them; no, they were also permitted where we should not suspect it, viz., at the second kind of peace offerings, i. e., at the sacrifices of petition. It is true that also at these the offerer had to be purified and was supposed to have had his share in the holocausts for God's glory and adoration; but he brought his victim as a humble petitioner, and he would be satisfied if he received no other favor than that the Lord God graciously heard and fulfilled his prayers. But His Lord God was much more generous: He treated him as a friend and invited him to share with the priest the sacrificial banquet, thereby filling him with hope that his petition would be granted, and that if he did not see it fulfilled exactly in the way he had asked, he would receive something else more salutary and valuable than the gift he expected.

The best illustration of such a sacrificial meal of petition we find in the story of Anna, the mother of the prophet Samuel (1 Kings 1:4 ff.). Year after year she went to the sanctuary and took part in the sacrifice of her husband; she was sad and wept because the Lord did not seem to listen to her prayers for a child, so that she was hardly able to eat of the sacrifice; but she persevered until her petition was granted.

OUR SACRIFICIAL BANQUET

There is no need to state that Holy Mass is not only our sacrifice of atonement, of praise, and of thanksgiving, but also of petition. This fact appears in many of the Mass prayers, but best of all in the prayers of the Canon between the Sanctus and the Consecration and in the Pater Noster. There our Blessed Lord Himself prays with us and for us through the lips of the priest, whilst before the throne in Heaven He lifts up His sacred hands pierced by the nails, so that the heavenly Father cannot resist the petitions which He offers with us and for us, and which we offer through His hands. It would be heresy to deny that the holy Mass is our sacrifice of worship, atonement, thanksgiving, and petition—if we assist in the right spirit—independent of our taking a more intimate part in it by Holy Communion. Yet, having

granted that much, it is also true that, by making it our sacrificial banquet, we make fuller use of its intended effects.

In the first place, Our Lord instituted holy Mass in the form of a solemn meal, although it was the memorial of His Passion and painful Death. Let us not say that he selected this form for the sake of the Apostles, the first priests; for the early congregation of Jerusalem, who understood the meaning of it well, partook in the breaking of the consecrated bread daily. They realized that it was meant as a frequent or even daily food of the soul by which are maintained both the supernatural life of sanctifying grace and the fervor of charity. If later on St. Paul blames the Christians of Corinth for their spiritual weakness and apathy, he also points out that this is due to a want of proper disposition at the reception of the Holy Eucharist, not to the sacrament itself. Of all the sacraments it is the one which can be most easily and frequently received, especially by those who daily attend the Holy Sacrifice.

The second reason for making more perfect our attendance at holy Mass by receiving Holy Communion in good disposition is, that our Lord himself, and not the flesh, of animals, becomes our spiritual nourishment. If we come with a real desire of being helped by Him, will He not be willing and able to enlighten us, to purify us, and to strengthen us, so that we are better able to see and fulfill our daily duties, and to bear our daily crosses patiently, and thus not only avoid sin and spiritual death, but also grow in holiness?

There is a third reason for taking full part in the Eucharistic Sacrifice by the reception of Holy Communion, which is too often not realized. Every good Catholic has the highest esteem for the dignity of the priest, for the latter is privileged to lend his tongue to the Divine High Priest at the words of consecration, and to touch with his anointed hands the Sacred Species. There arises in many pious hearts a holy envy on account of their being excluded from such a great honor and dignity. But let them remember that besides the external and ministerial priesthood there exists also, by the force of the institution of the Holy Eucharist, an interior one which the prince of the Apostles (1 Peter 2:5) styles "a holy priesthood." To this priesthood every Christian is called by holy baptism, and he exercises it in every Holy Communion. During the antecedent parts of holy Mass he shares only by his presence, his words, and his sentiments in the actions of the celebrating priest, now, at Holy Communion, his own heart becomes an altar of the Lamb of God and he is himself able to offer the Son of God to the Heavenly Father as his very own victim of adoration, atonement, thanksgiving, and petition. Is there any time in our lives so high

in dignity and rich in blessings as that half hour when our Blessed Lord's Sacred Heart beats so close to our own, and when we are able to offer so great honor and glory to the Heavenly Father? And how much truer in our regard have become the words which Moses (Deut. 4:7) spoke to the chosen people of old: "Neither is there any other nation so great that hath gods so nigh them, as our God is present to all our petitions. By neglecting the Eucharistic banquet as a sacrifice of petition, we keep our spiritual condition in a more imperfect state than we ought. When on judgment day we shall be asked how far we have fulfilled our obligations of adoration, thanksgiving, and atonement, we shall have no excuse if we have not to the fullest extent utilized the Holy Sacrifice by frequently and worthily receiving the Flesh and Blood of the living Lamb of God and offering Him to the Heavenly Father."

Eucharistic Thoughts

F. V.

Let us not forget that we owe God the tribute of our worship on Sunday—His day—even at the cost of inconvenience to ourselves.

The dignity of the Catholic priesthood springs from its connection with the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Compare the possible spiritual communions you might have made with the actual ones you have made.

We respect our priests first and foremost because they are the visible guardians and dispensers of the Holy Eucharist.

The balance of power is with you every time you communicate devoutly.

The Holy Eucharist ought to occupy a central place in all our thoughts, aspirations, and affections.

Memorial Day---Corpus Christi

Myriad the flow'r-decked graves,
Grassy, undulating waves
Reaching to the farther shore.
For the hero laid beneath
Every fair memorial wreath
Heroes' guerdon we implore.

Myriad the flow'r-decked shrines,
At whose altars Love combines
Fleet time and eternity.
In the Victim worshipped there
Is the true Memorial where
Godhead greets Humanity.

V. D.

?

KWEERY KORNER

?

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the questions.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Was your answer to the question concerning the Catholic couple having two Protestant friends stand up for them at their marriage, as given in your column in the March number, correct?—Gulfport, Miss.

Unfortunately in transcribing the answer from the original manuscript to the printer's copy, in the answer referred to, one sentence was omitted in the editor's answer. That sentence read: "So far as the validity of the marriage is concerned, it is not contrary to Canon Law to have two Protestants stand up for a Catholic marriage." This sentence occurred just before the statement: "It certainly is wrong to have non-Catholics act as witnesses of a Catholic marriage." (Cf. Augustine, V. p. 274.) To that statement the editor of this column holds firm. When one considers the sanctity of the married state in the eyes of the Church and the great solemnity with which each place to have non-Catholics act as witnesses. The occasion for having non-Catholics act as witnesses should be so rare as to be considered negligible.

Please name the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin.—Trenton, N. J.

The Seven Sorrows of Our Blessed Lady are: (1) The Prophecy of Simeon; (2) The Flight into Egypt; (3) The Losing of the Child Jesus; (4) The Meeting on the way to Calvary; (5) At the Foot of the Cross; (6) The Taking down from the Cross, and (7) The Burial of Jesus.

What is the blood relationship between a young man and girl if the girl's father is a first cousin to the man's mother?—Rochester, N. Y.

The young man and the girl are second cousins.

What relation is a boy to me if his grandmother and my mother were first cousins?—Shively, Ky.

The boy is your third cousin.

Where can I procure a copy of St. Bonaventure's Psalms of the Blessed Virgin?—Cincinnati, Ohio.

Try the Franciscan Fathers in your own city of Cincinnati at St. Bonaventure's Church, 1798 Queen City Ave.

Is it a sin to receive things that have been stolen, if you have confessed, and still keep them because you do not want to hurt the one that gave them to you?—Milwaukee, Wis.

It most certainly is a sin. The Catholic Church stands the absolute vindicator of justice, which means that everyone has a right to that which is his own. Therefore, justice demands that whatever has been taken from another must be returned to the rightful owner; the feelings of the one who was dishonest are not to be considered in the matter.—Your other question, concerning the marriage duty, should be asked of your confessor.

May the Stations of the Cross be said at home?—Trenton, N. J.

In case of illness the stations may be said at home. A cross blessed with the Station indulgences should be used. Twenty Our Fathers, Hail Marys and Glory be to the Fathers are said, holding the blessed cross

in the hand. Of these twenty Our Fathers, fourteen are said in commemoration of each of the fourteen stations; five in honor of the five Sacred Wounds; and one, according to the intentions of the Holy Father.

Can a Catholic girl be married to a non-Catholic divorced man, if he is willing to be married by a priest, or would he need to become a Catholic?—Pittsburgh.

You will have to ask this question of your Pastor or Confessor. It cannot be answered safely in this column, since you have not furnished sufficient data concerning the man. I do not hesitate to say, however, that you are taking a very great risk marrying a divorced non-Catholic man. Catholic girls should marry Catholic men and there are plenty of good marriageable Catholic men.

What prayers should be said on the Seven Dolour Beads?—Trenton, N. J.

The Seven Dolor Rosary opens with the recitation of the Memorare. At each decade the Our Father and ten Hail Marys are said, keeping in mind one of the seven dolours, which should be said in order. At the end of the Rosary three Hail Marys are recited. For further information concerning the Seven Sorrow Beads apply to the Servite Fathers at Our Lady of Sorrows Church, 3121 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

What are the different colors used in the Church robes?—Denver, Colo.

The different liturgical colors are white, green, red, purple, black, gold and old rose. White is used on all feasts of the Savior, the Blessed Virgin Mary and those Saints who died a natural death. Green is used on all Sundays of the year, upon which no special feast is celebrated, outside of Lent and Advent. Also on those week days outside of special seasons, upon which no feast of a Saint is celebrated. Red is used on the feasts of the Holy Ghost and upon those days when the feast of a martyred Saint is celebrated. Purple is used on the Sundays and week days of Lent and Advent, upon the vigils of great feast days, the ember days and upon the feast of Holy Innocents. Black is used on Good Friday and All Souls' Day and in all Requiem Masses. Gold is the color used on great solemnities and takes the place of all colors except the purple and black. Old rose is permitted by way of privilege on Laetare Sunday, the fourth Sunday in Lent, and Gaudete Sunday, the third Sunday in Advent.

Why must women have their heads covered in the Catholic Church?—Covington, La.

Women are asked to cover their heads in the Catholic Church, owing to an Apostolic prescription of St. Paul: I Cor. 11:5-11. "Every woman praying, or prophesying with her head not covered, disgraceth her head—therefore ought the woman to have a power (veil, or covering) over her head, because of the angels—You yourselves judge: doth it become a woman, to pray unto God uncovered?"

Why don't you Benedictines in the United States use the title "Dom"?—Bray, Ireland.

The Benedictines in this country, in most instances, came originally from German-speaking lands, where it was customary to call priests of religious orders "Pater" or "Father" to distinguish them from secular priests. The use of the title "Dom" is native to England and Scotland and is also used in France.

* NOTE:—Since the advent of the English Congregation of Benedictines at Washington some years ago, this title seems to be gradually coming into vogue among us too.—Editor THE GRAIL.

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—Bulletins of the Census of Religious Bodies, which was taken up by the United States Government in 1926, are now issuing from the Government printing office in pamphlet form. Each religious body is treated in a separate bulletin which gives statistics, denominational history, doctrine, and organization of the various religious bodies under the stars and stripes. These bulletins will be found very helpful especially by those who are seeking information regarding the tenets and other data of the numerous sects and denominations in our land. The bulletin on the Roman Catholic Church is No. 92—178. The number of Catholics in the United States in 1926 was estimated at 18,605,003 with 1,813,604 scholars in the parochial schools.

—At the ordinations in Boston on April 5 a class of thirty-eight was raised to the priesthood. Among those on whom His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, conferred holy orders was Rev. Robert H. Lord, a former professor at Harvard, and a convert to the Church. Father Lord was one of the American experts at the Paris peace conference. If we mistake not, it was a Catholic girl pupil of the professor's in history class who had the courage to stand up and set him aright on some point at issue in class that started him on the road that led to Rome.

—Thirty-three young men were ordained by His Eminence, Cardinal Mundelein, on April 6 at St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, near Chicago. Ten of this class of forty-three were ordained last fall.

—Twenty-one, the largest class to finish the theological course at the Cleveland Seminary, was ordained on April 2.

—Native sisters, whose mother house and novitiate are at Bwanda in Uganda, British East Africa, number 180.

—At the beginning of its summer session this year the Catholic University at Washington will inaugurate a School of Liturgical Music. This course has been made possible, says the N. C. W. C. News Service, by the Dom Mocquereau Schola Cantorum Foundation, a New York corporation whose sole object is education in Gregorian chant and classic polyphony, and closely allied branches of music. A building for the foundation will be erected at once near the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, which is slowly rising from the basement story. Rev. Dr. William J. DesChamps, instructor in music at the Catholic University, will be dean of the School of Liturgical Music, which will be open to undergraduate students preparing for the degree of B. S. in music. The work of the school will be confined to the chant and classical church music.

Benedictine

—Rt. Rev. Leander Ramsay, O. S. B., Abbot of Downside Abbey, Stratton-on-the-Fosse, near Bath, England,

a convert to the Faith, died on March 15th at the age of sixty-five. The deceased, who received Anglican Orders in 1888, became a Catholic in 1896. On Sept. 6, 1898, he was professed at Downside Abbey and on June 29, 1900, he was ordained to the priesthood. From 1902 to 1918 he was headmaster of the Downside School, which he brought to a high standard of efficiency. At the election held on Sept. 20, 1922, the headmaster of the school was chosen Abbot. The abbatial benediction was conferred on Jan. 28, 1923. Abbot Ramsay, who was of a retiring disposition, disliked to appear in public. The Rt. Rev. Wulstan Pearson, O. S. B., formerly a monk of Downside, but now Bishop of Lancaster, celebrated the Requiem Mass. Among the other clergy present were five abbots, a number of monsignors, canons, priors, and other priests.

—Sister Gregory, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's Convent, St. Joseph, Minn., who lived to the remarkable old age of ninety-five, died on March 22. The deceased was born in Ireland in 1834; in 1860 she joined the Benedictines. Up to the age of ninety-one she was active as teacher.

—Sister Amata, O. S. B., who died suddenly in March at St. Scholastica Convent, Duluth, Minn., had been a member of her community for nearly fifty years. For more than forty years, reports the *Catholic Bulletin* of St. Paul, she had spent much of her time traveling among lumber and logging camps, with which northern Minnesota was dotted, and then among the iron mines, which opened on the range. She brought to the camps medicines and surgical dressings; she arranged for hospital care for the injured, and where patients could not be moved she cared for them. Many and varied were the spiritual and corporal needs of the pioneer laborers to which she added, ranging from the validating of marriages, the baptism of infants, the winning back to the Church of many who had drifted far from it, to the bringing of foodstuffs and clothing, reading matter and rosaries to the unnumbered camps and mines she visited.

—We are in receipt of a copy of the jubilee number of the annual that is published by the Gymnasium or College of St. Benedict at Sao Paulo in Brazil, which passed its twenty-fifth anniversary some months ago. The Abbey, however, dates back to 1598.

—The renowned Abbey of Monte Cassino, Italy, called the cradle of the Benedictine Order, which is now celebrating the fourteen hundredth anniversary of its foundation by St. Benedict, has, in the course of its long history, passed through troublous periods. About forty years after the death of St. Benedict, who died in 543, the monastery was pillaged and burned to the ground by the Lombards. More than a century later, in 717, St. Willibald, an English monk, took a leading part in its restoration. Towards the close of the ninth century a second devastation followed in the wake of the Saracens. Half a century later the monks

returned again. Then, as recently as 1886 the Italian Government decreed the suppression of the hallowed place. But this calamity was averted, it is said, by the personal intervention of Mr. Gladstone, though he was not a Catholic, and by other influential Englishmen. The monks were permitted to continue to live at the Abbey in the capacity of custodians, but the government declared the monastery a national museum, a condition of affairs that we presume still exists. May the present favorable movement, which has given back to the Holy See its rights also restore Monte Cassino to its rightful owners.

—On a previous occasion mention was made in these columns of the happy death of Rev. Placidus Ricardi, O. S. B., a monk of St. Paul's at Rome who died in the odor of sanctity on March 15, 1915. The cause for his beatification in the episcopal court of Sabina was instituted under the supervision of the late Cardinal de Lai. Many great favors are reported to have been received through the intercession of the servant of God. In severity towards himself, chastising his own flesh, he imitated the great penitents of the past. Towards others he was mildness and politeness personified.

—Word has come from the Priory of the Divine Infant (Niño Dios), Argentine, S. A., of the death some time ago of Dom Germanus Marrassa, O. S. B., whose life had been a constant source of edification both to his brethren and to the faithful. Consecrated to the Blessed Mother of God from his youth, Dom Germanus cultivated a tender devotion to Mary. Despite long-continued infirmities, he was a faithful observer of monastic discipline. Eagerly he read ascetic writings and loved to practice contemplative prayer. Many sought him as confessor and spiritual guide. Although continually tortured with physical pains himself, he helped others to bear their burdens, and with compassionate heart he sought with all kindness and gentleness to console them in their afflictions. In the midst of charitable deeds he was suddenly seized with an illness of short duration that took him off on his forty-third birthday and in the twenty-first year of his priesthood. He was strengthened for the journey to eternity with the holy oil of extreme unction but was unable to receive Holy Viaticum. While the soul of this devout monk and priest may not need our prayers, charity demands that we be not forgetful of him. God knows how to reward every charitable deed.

—Last July the ancient Benedictine Abbey of Mont St. Michel, on the coast of France, celebrated its seventh centenary. Many distinguished visitors were present. Dom Cabrol, Abbot of Farnborough, England, noted liturgical writer, preached the sermon. During the Revolution the abbey was closed, but in recent years it has been opened again.

Jesus comes to us laden with treasures and graces to enrich our soul. Let us not go to meet Him empty-handed. Let no moment pass that is not sanctified by some act of virtue, interior or exterior.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

Musie

KATE AYERS ROBERT

There has never been a melody
That has made us thrill or weep,
Like songs that Mary fondly crooned
To put her Babe to sleep.

No mother's heart has trembled
With joy exultant, wild!
As did Mary's at the music
Of the first words of her Child.

The First Tulip

EDITH TATUM

The earth was cold and barren,
Low, trailing clouds were gray,
My garden sad and silent
Throughout the glooming day.

Yet there I found your fingers
Pushing through the sod,
Clasped in prayer together
On your way toward God.

The calendar said springtime,
But the air was filled with snow,
And deep down in the darkness—
Tell me, how could you know?

The Month of May

MARY E. MANNIX

Who ne'er abroad at morn has gone
To gather bright spring flowers,
Born of the radiant golden sun
And April's fitful showers,
Nor felt the deep, ecstatic thrill
That ushers in the day;
Has never tasted to its fill,
The loveliness of May.

Who never with a childish band
Has wandered o'er the lea
In Maytime, or along the strand,
Has raced the white-capped sea,
Or watched Spring's airy cloudlets speed
Adown the azure way,
Has never known in fullest meed
The joyousness of May.

Who ne'er beside some favorite shrine,
In life's world-weary hours,
Where Mary with her Babe Divine,
Waits smiling 'mid the flowers,
Has paused before her shining throne,
From strife or toil to pray,
In heart or soul, has never known
The holiness of May



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

THE MONTH OF MARY

The happy time is here again! The snow and ice was fine—you could have a lot of fun sleigh-riding down the hills, and the river—oh, it was smooth as glass straight across from bank to bank, and the Indian boys did have a wonderful time, and snowballing—the times they had making forts and piles of ammunition with which to beat the other side! But, of course, it was dreadfully cold at times, and the blizzards—sometimes you couldn't step outside for a week, it was that cold, and the snow was that deep.

But it is all gone now; the river is swirling gaily down between its banks, a little higher than usual, from all the melting snows, but gurgling with a happy, interesting sound—"I'm going on a long, long journey," it says, "and I won't stop until I reach the Gulf, and join the ocean. Don't you wish you were me?" What adventures it will have, all the way down! And Ellen Roaring Thunder has just heard a bird warbling somewhere, and she ran in to tell Sister about it, all excited and radiant. Surely summer must be near, when the birdies begin to sing like that. And the sun has decided to come out from behind his weeping cloud-blankets to see if the last of the snow has been all washed away clean, and, seeing that it has, he motions the clouds away, and they all disappear and dry up quite magically, and then old Mr. Sun-man begins to warm up his batteries and get ready to coax the flowers out of their beds, and Mary Wild Dog and Johanna Cuts-the-grass begin to feel hot and uncomfortable out at play, and run in and beg and tease Sister to please let them change to—"those short-sleeved ones."

And it feels so good to run outside without coats and mufflers and hot, stuffy caps; and green things had been busy pushing their way out of the ground during the April rains, and the landscape has changed from drab brown, with here and there patches of unmelted white, to glorious green. And how sweet it is to have morning and evening devotions to our Blessed Mother, the Litany of Loretto, so dear to every school child the, rosary, and all the lovely hymns to Mary! The very singing and recitation of them are like the very breath of spring itself! When we hear the old hymns sung in church, and answer, "Pray for us," does it not bring us back to our own childhood, when the church windows were open to let in the warm breeze, and now and then we furtively turned our heads to see a bird hopping about in the fresh green branches just outside the panes, and sometimes one of them would accidentally fly into the House of God and settle on a statue or one of the chandeliers, and all the little ones would be dutifully repressing smiles and little glances at each other.

The little Indian children are the same as little white children; they feel the call of spring just as deeply—perhaps more, since the throb of the old free life on the prairie still runs inherent in their veins. Summer is kind to them; many of them will go home during the vacation months, but the homes they will go to are poor. But what matter in summer, when the sky is as warm a roof as anyone would want? The thin tent and the

log cabin will then be but a place in which to sleep at night, or take shelter under when it rains. Very often they eat outdoors, for, who wants to be closed within four walls when the whole forest might be their dining room?

But in winter—then we are glad to know the little ones have a nice warm school to go to, where they are taken most scrupulous care of, and lovingly taught all the things necessary to live a civilized life. It is our donations which makes this charity possible, but there are still very, very many children unaccommodated in the schools. The Government schools are full to bursting, and so are the Catholic missions. Many there are, still, "for whom there is no room at the inn." Their homes are no better than the birthplace of the Savior. Many of them grow ill and die in these inadequate shelters—all that it is possible for the poverty of their parents to provide.

One might ask why it is that the Indians are not permitted to enter the cities and earn their own livings as the negroes are. In this way they would quickly become civilized by observing their white neighbors' ways, while on the reservations there is but little for them to do, except drag out an existence in poverty. The negroes were pure savages when taken from their native haunts, yet we permit them to live in our cities,



PATRICK POITRA, A LITTLE FRENCH-CREE

and earn an honorable living. Why not the Indians? But this is a question for the White Chiefs at Washington, and until something is done about it, it is up to us to help these poor people. If anyone has a right to a decent living, it is these 100% Americans, who have been banished off their own lands, and because they were simple and innocent, were often cheated and bereft of their rightful belongings.

LET US HEAR FROM YOU TOO

The Catholic people ought to be the most enthusiastic people in the world, when it comes to religion, since they have the True Faith. We stand alone and secure, and no one can refute our claims, because everyone knows that all the sects and other faiths are but bogus offshoots of the one True Faith. If these sects can be so enthusiastic about these mistaken beliefs of theirs, so as to want to proselytize others, spending millions for the purpose, what ought not we, the Catholic people, to do to obey Christ's injunction—"Going forth, teach ye all nations"? If we want to be true Catholics, we must obey this command of Christ. We must not sit back content merely to possess this Faith ourselves, not caring who else has it, but we ought to labor without ceasing in every direction to spread and further the interests of Christ. That is every true Catholic's duty. Christ expects it of us. And if we cannot go ourselves, He expects us to support those who have the courage and love and zeal to forsake everything and go out to the wilderness to teach the nations who know not the true God.

Here is an interesting letter:

"We are a group of eight girls who belong to a pleasure club together; one of our number read your appeal in the Grail to form Mission clubs, and she immediately put it up to us, saying that instead of being merely a pleasure club, we ought to combine charity with pleasure. So we have decided to do this, and are calling our group the 'Little Flower Club' because of her love for the Missions, and we hope to do some good for the Missions during the coming summer months. We are already planning several parties, socials, dances and tea-bridges, which will be for the benefit of a different mission each month. Will write you further details later on."

Good! That is a fine beginning. What fun these girls are going to have, and what a good work they will be doing at the same time! Let us hear from other groups. We will print your letters and your plans. Let us have enthusiasm for our great Faith and the missions that are laboring ceaselessly to spread it. (Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.)

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

There are about two hundred children at this mission this year, more than ever before, and twelve Sisters of the Benedictine Order are taking care of them. Many more are clamoring for entrance to the school all the time, and sometimes the Fathers are hard put to find a place to keep all of them. The harvest of the Lord is indeed white, and the Indians come willingly, gladly bringing their children to be taught by the missionary. All great works of the Lord begin in poverty, it seems, just as He Himself began in poverty. It is the hallmark of the True Faith. Father Justin writes that it costs from \$12,000 to \$14,000 to keep up the school for one year, pay off interest, keep up insurance, and make some payment on their big debt. Imagine having to depend on just what happens to come in the mails for the upkeep of such a large group of persons! The debt on the old buildings is still unpaid, and already, new buildings are needed to house the ever-increasing number of children. If you could see these little ones as they come to the mission, often sick, in rags, and afflicted with sores and boils from undernourishment, you would surely be moved to compassion, and not a

single letter of appeal which you receive would be turned down.

SEVEN DOLORS INDIAN MISSION

Father Ambrose writes that he had an accident with his car: "I was returning from St. Michael's Mission when an old Ford touring car, in which four Indians were riding, came towards me. I turned to the right, but imagine my surprise when the old Ford turned to the same side of the road just a short distance ahead. Then the rear end of the vehicle swung around into the middle of the highway, and before I could bring my car to a stop, a collision ensued. The steering wheel had come off the Ford, leaving its driver helpless to do anything. Three of the Indians were injured, one, an old man 85 years of age, quite badly. I received no injury whatever, though my car is a hopeless wreck. This means that I will have to impose on my neighbors until St. Joseph sends me some funds wherewith to purchase another flivver.

"Father Sylvester came to see me, having driven over eight hundred miles to reach Fort Totten. The distance by direct route is only four hundred miles, but because of heavy snowdrifts he was obliged to detour around through Minnesota. Nothing discourages this good Father. He is the most optimistic person I have ever known. He seems to thrive on difficulties. Love of God and the possibilities of great good among the Indian children are the impelling motives of his great zeal."

And so we have here a first-hand picture of the troubles and difficulties of our good missionaries—and not only that, but of their love, intrepid courage, and cheerful acceptance of hardships and poverty and inconvenience, all for love of God and His poor Indians.

SILVER FOIL

And still the good people continue sending in tin- and silver foil, and some have begun to send their second boxes. Many thanks, dear friends; keep up the good work. Those who sent in boxes during the past month are: Mrs. Albert Bishop, Bridgeport, Conn.; B. Wareham, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. W. L. Grasmann, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Campbell, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss Bridget Smith, Chicora, Pa.; Mr. Robt. Smith, Wheeling, W. Va. Many have asked us if they shall continue sending in this tin- and silver foil; by all means, yes. You cannot send in too much. Keep on saving it as long as there is any to save, and send it to CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

BEADWORK AND QUILT TOPS

Do not forget the poor Indian women who make a living by beadwork and quilt-making. We have some very fine quilt tops here—\$5.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, and one completely finished quilt (filled and backed) for \$10.00. Anyone who has ever made a quilt will know how much work is in a patch-quilt, especially if it is all hand-work, and will know at once if these quilts are worth the price. Let us have your orders. Beadwork pin-cushions, 75¢. Woven necklaces, \$1.00. Bead bracelets, 50¢ each—very pretty. Flower holders, 50¢. Napkin rings, 25¢. Tea towels, embroidered in kitchen designs, 25¢ each, nice to give a bride. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

A German teacher asked the class in catechism how much in German money the "mite" was that the poor widow in the Gospel gave.

"Twelve marks and forty-three pennies," responded a bright little tot.

"How so?"

"In the catechism it says: 'The mite of the poor widow (Mark 12, 43).'"—This, of course, was only a reference number.



MOTHER'S DAY

Let every day be Mother's Day!
Make roses grow along her way
And beauty everywhere.
Oh, never let her eyes be wet
With tears of sorrow or regret,
And never cease to care!
Come, grown up children, and rejoice
That you can hear your Mother's voice.

A day for her! For you she gave
Long years of love and service brave;
For you her youth was spent.
There was no weight of hurt or care
Too heavy for her strength to bear;
She followed where you went;
Her courage and her love sublime
You could depend on all the time.

No night or day she set apart
On which to open wide her heart
And welcome you within;
There was no hour you would not be
First in her thought and memory,
Though you were as black as sin!
Though skies were gray or skies were blue
Not once has she forgotten you.

Let everyday be Mother's Day!
With love and roses strew her away,
And smiles of joy and pride!
Come, grown up children, to the knee
Where long you used to be,
And never turn aside;
Oh, tears because her babes forget.
—Edgar Guest.

Introducing Aunt Agnes

By the Editor of THE GRAIL

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS!

It is ten years this month since the first number of THE GRAIL was placed in the mails. From the very beginning the "Children's Corner"—or "Children's Page" as it was then called—has been read with interest by our Boys and Girls and by many grown-ups too, as we have been informed. From the first number on, the "Corner" has been conducted by "Aunt Agnes."

Many of you, no doubt, have wondered who Agnes Brown Hering is. Some have thought it just a pen name, but that is a mistake, it is her own name.—(Let me tell you something quite confidentially. I know you won't "squeal" on me. "Aunt Agnes" lives nearly a thousand miles

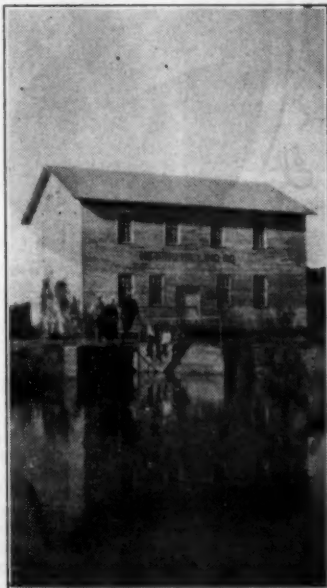
away, therefore the editor feels that it is safe to tell a few tales out of school.)

"Aunt Agnes's" father and mother, together with her two brothers, who were quite small at the time, went from Wright County, Iowa, to Nebraska just fifty years ago. They were pioneers in a new country. There her father, "Grandpa Brown," took up Government land and established a home for his family. The first dwelling was a "dugout," the second was a more dignified "sod house," and, finally, as time went on a frame house graced the farm.

It was in the second dwelling, the sod house, that "Aunt Agnes" joined the Brown family. Do you want to know when that event took place? Oh, but really, isn't that asking a little to much? (Well, if you'll bend your heads quite close, and promise not to tell anyone, we'll whisper it into your ear—"sub rosa," or "beneath the rosebush," as they say in Latin. But, mind you, don't tell! It's a secret. Are you listening? It was on—on—June 19, 1883. There, now, it has escaped us. But we're not telling her age, are we?)

When she was old enough to attend school, Aunt Agnes went to the district school in the country. There was no Catholic school within possibly a radius of 100 miles. Even the nearest church—a modest frame building—was a three-hour drive distant, and, think of it! Mass was celebrated there only once a month. Pioneers had many hardships to put up with and it was not always easy to preserve the Faith under such trying conditions.

In 1892 Aunt Agnes went to Woonsocket, South Dakota, where conditions were more favorable at least with regard to church and school. Father Claude Ebner, O. S. B., of St. Meinrad, Indiana, was pastor at the time. Though the church was small, it was large enough for the congregation. There she received her first Holy Communion; there too her elder brother offered up his first Holy Mass in 1905. Since that time a beautiful brick church has been built and also a Catholic grade and high school. But in 1892 there was no Catholic school, and Mass was celebrated twice a month on Sundays. Aunt Agnes accordingly completed the grades in the city school and also attended the high school, from which she was graduated in 1901. After that for nine years she taught school. Then on Thanksgiving Day in 1910 occurred an event that took her out of the school room—she appended the name of Hering to Brown and thus became Agnes Brown Hering, as you have learned to know her through the "Corner." After this time she took up her residence in a cottage by the mill,



THE MILL

a distance of a little more than a mile from where she was born. At the mill, where her husband has lived all his life, she has raised her own little family, of whom all but the youngest are in school.

Now that the cat has been let out of the bag, and we have thus introduced to you Agnes Brown Hering, we turn the microphone over to "Aunt Agnes" to broadcast her message from the mill.



Mary Agnes (above)
Helen Frances (at left)
Genevieve Lillian

"Dad" (insert at top)
"Bob" (Robert LeRoy)
"Joe" (Vincent Joseph)

AUNT AGNES SURROUNDED BY HER FAMILY

Aunt Agnes Greets the Cornerites

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS!

"How wondrous thy beauty—Land of the Sunshine,
How lovely thy plains filled with riches so rare;
We love the broad sweep of thy billowy prairies,
Thy breast is adorned with rich jewels so fair.
O Nebraska, we love thee—Land of the Sunshine,
With broad wheat fields of gold, so rich and so rare,
Thy green hillsides and valley are a source of treasure,
What spot more beauteous with thee can compare."

Fifty years ago northeastern Nebraska was a wide expanse of free, rolling prairie that stretched away, as far as the eye could reach, unbroken save for the hills that now and then seemed to touch their tops against the sky of the far horizon.

No trees graced the landscape except, perhaps, a clump of low bushes in some gulch, or a thicket of plum brush or of "choke cherries" in one of the many tiny valleys.

Coyotes—prairie wolves that used to raid the chicken coops—howled dismally at night, the doleful sound

striking terror into the hearts of the children of the few scattered settlers who lived in "sod houses" or "dug-outs."

You must know that as there was no timber on the prairies, there was consequently no lumber from which to build houses. The "dugout" was made by digging into the side of a hill and building up a front wall of sod and covering with a roof of boards, which had to be hauled from a long distance. The prairie sod was tough, because the strong roots of the grass held it together. A breaking plow was first used to turn over a furrow of sod, which was cut into suitable lengths and then piled one on top of the other until a thick wall had been laid. Sod houses were warm in winter. They answered the purpose for which they were built until the pioneer was better able to get lumber for a more substantial dwelling. A sod house, well built, would last many years.

Deer and antelope stalked about unafraid and were often seen even in the dooryard early in the morning.

Indian reservations were not far distant and frequently came the report that the Indians were on the war-path, destroying everything in their way. Rumors of uprisings were constantly brought to terrorize the pioneers. Some discredited the tales; others were constantly on the alert and ready at a moment's notice to pack their few belongings on a wagon and hasten to a place of safety in some near-by town. Some, not daring to go to bed at night through fear that they might be scalped as they slept, kept a sharp watch from behind curtained windows, imagining every now and then they could see dusky figures stealthily moving about in the shadows of the gulches.

But as the settlers increased in numbers, and Indian outbreaks failed to materialize, fears were gradually dispelled and the people settled down to the happy task of building permanent homes.

Prairie fires were another grave menace in those early days. Often the pioneers fought fire with wet sacks, old rags, or anything else they could find in order to save their homes.

Blizzards often swept with intense fury across the prairies, and sad tales of loss of life and privations are told by the few remaining pioneers. One little boy was lost in a blizzard on the last day of October. His body was not recovered till the following March when the snow went off. Even now children are warned to beware of a similar fate and not to start home from school in a snowstorm.

It was during these times in the early '80's, near the headwaters of the Verdigris Creek, and not far from Hering's mill in a sod house that Aunt Agnes first saw the light of day. Her first playmates were naturally her two brothers George and Will. Later on the former went to Indiana—it is now thirty-five years ago—to study for the priesthood; the latter has a family of his own in the Black Hills district in South Dakota.

Her nearest little neighbors and playmates were the Hering children at the mill. One of these, whom she later on chose as her life partner, you will find in the family group at the top. The mothers of these families were close friends and shared each others joys and sorrows, hence the children played much together with dolls and dishes and a little express wagon that served as a dray to transport their luggage. Many happy hours were spent looking for pretty pebbles in the sparkling, rippling stream, trying to catch the elusive little "minnies" that darted swiftly about in the water. What fun it was to play in the mill around the "hopper," which fed the wheat to the burrs or mill stones to be crushed into flour; how interesting to watch the water rushing down the mill race to enter the flume in which it turned the big wheel that set the rest of the machinery in motion. Farmers came from many miles around with grists of corn, and wheat, and rye, sometimes remaining all night, waiting their turn. They were given their meals and a place to sleep, and they

went away with many a kindly thought for the miller and his good wife, both of whom have long since passed to their eternal reward.

The mill that you see in the picture was not the first to be erected on the site, although the site is the same. "Grandpa Hering" built a small mill there in 1879, chopping down trees and sawing them into lumber himself, and shipping by railroad to the nearest station. But before he could arrange to haul it, most of the lumber was stolen. Even before the roof was on the mill, farmers came with their grists and the first grinding was done under a canvas roof. When later on the roof was nearing completion, "Grandma Hering" helped to put the shingles on. She often sat up too till far into the night, sewing up muslin sacks that the miller might have sacks into which to put the flour that he ground.

Some sixteen years ago the fifty-barrel mill you see here was built. With modern methods and modern machinery mill products can be turned out much more rapidly than in days of yore.

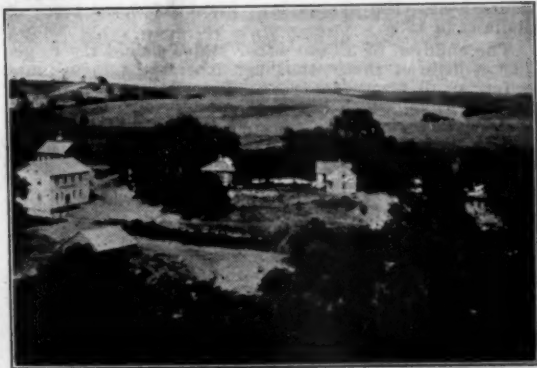
At the age of sixteen the present miller took his father's place and ever since that time has continued to carry on the business.

Aunt Agnes likes to think of the boys and girls of "The Corner" as being right here in this picturesque spot, running up and down the hills, gathering bright pebbles, dashing after little fishes, plucking wild flowers on the hillsides, picking berries in the gulches, wading in the stream, and digging their toes into the cool wet sand along the creek.

The younger generation of Herings shown in the picture on this page are Robert LeRoy, 17, a junior in high school, known as "Bob," who has a taste for music, likes fishing and hunting; next is Vincent Joseph, 15, known as "Joe," who also has a musical ear, and is ambitious to own a real car. Both boys are members of the Royal High School Band.

The little girls are Mary Agnes, 12, in seventh grade, who is desirous of becoming a public speaker. She has already won honors in declamatory contests. Helen Frances, 8, comes next. She is in third grade. Like her sister, she is also learning to play the piano. Genevieve Lillian, the youngest, is almost three. Quite naturally she tries to imitate her elder sisters and feels that she is quite accomplished in her various activities.

All the members of the family, except Mary Agnes's little twin, Margaret Ida, who was called away to join the angels at a very tender age, received baptism in the same church and from the same pastor, Rev. Wm. Windolph, of Creighton. The church is sixteen miles distant, but it does not seem so far with a car as it did in the early days when a team and heavy wagon was the mode of travel, and when one had to leave by star-



THE MILL AND THE MILLER'S COTTAGE

light at some seasons of the year to get to Mass on time.

All of these children have from their infancy been lovingly ministered to by "Grandma" Mary Brown, who has long made her home with the family.

With this little introduction we feel better acquainted, perhaps. Let us then all join hands for a bigger, a better, and more interesting Children's Corner.

AUNT AGNES.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

Dear Mother ever near me,
How loving must thou be
To pray for me in heaven,
And help a child like me.

Obtain me grace forever
To use in time of need,
That I may live like Jesus
In word and thought and deed.

And when this life is over,
Escort me to thy Son;
Let heaven be my refuge
When all the strifes are won.

JOHN MAURER, St. Meinrad Preparatory Seminary,
Second Year High.

JOIN OUR TREE-PLANTING CIRCLE

American forests are rapidly disappearing. The trees are being cut down and sent to the mills not only to be sawed into lumber, but also to be turned into wood pulp for making paper. There is a great demand for paper in the United States. Who hasn't seen some of the very bulky Sunday editions of our daily papers. Sometimes one paper will weigh as much as two pounds or more. Many tons of paper, and consequently many tons of wood, are thus used by the dailies alone.

What is being done to stop the unnecessary waste of our forests? In Europe the various governments require that every tree that is cut down must be replaced by another tree—a seedling. We have no such law as yet. However, efforts are being made by individuals to encourage tree planting.

One such individual in Indiana is Mr. Frank S. Betz, of Hammond, a city not far from Chicago. Mr. Betz is endeavoring to get all the school children of the state interested in the planting of evergreens so as to reforest the state. Not only is Mr. Betz endeavoring to encourage by word of mouth and by printed literature on the subject, but he is also distributing seeds and small trees. He is trying to work up enthusiasm to a white heat. His slogan is: Plant 5,000,000 trees in Indiana in 1935.

The children of all our other states should try to get just a little of this enthusiasm too and begin to plant a few small trees each year. In most states we have "Arbor Day," which has been established for the very purpose of planting trees. Let's all become members of the treeplanting circle and set out some trees every year. The only condition for membership is to say "I"—and plant some trees every spring or fall.

Someone has written the following meters to show what is done with at least part of our timber:

See the forests on the hills
Destined for the paper mills!
Trees that form these woodland scenes
Become our future magazines.
That tall tree against the sky
Will be *Harper's* for July;
And the hemlock in the canyon
Is the next *Woman's Home Companion*.
Of noble growth a mighty quorum

Falls to serve for next month's *Forum*.
Woods that grew right near the coast
On *Saturday* are the *Evening Post*.
Woodman, woodman, fell that tree
For the *American Mercury*.

Lesson in Expression

GRANDMA PAYS THE BILL

Now that May is here many of the children of the Corner will doubtless have opportunities to appear on closing programs of school. "What shall I read?" is asked dozens of times, and the busy teachers wish they had just the right pieces. The following selection always brings a laugh if well delivered. It may be given by a little tot, or one of the older pupils:

1

Before the busy merchant stood pretty little Bess.
"I want some clof, for dollie, enough to make a dwess."

(Twisting movements of skirt with fingers and high pitched, shrill voice of child, as she looks up to right.)

"What color, little lady?" the busy merchant said.

(Heavy voice, look down to left, imitating merchant.)

"Why, don't you know?" she answered. "I want it awful red."

(Same position and gestures as at first when impersonating child. Emphasis on "red.")

2

The merchant cut the fabric

For the delighted little miss.

"What does it cost?" she questioned.

He answered: "Just one kiss."

(Look upward to right for child, and downward to left when speaking for merchant.)

And then the clerks who heard it,

Went roaring up and down,

"My dramma said she'd pay you

Next time she tomes to town."

(Impersonate child as at first, and place emphasis on "she'd pay.")

Aunt Agnes would like to hear from anyone who gives this reading in public.

If any of the readers of the corner would care to have a lesson talk on some reading, Aunt Agnes would be delighted to give helpful advice through the Corner. Perhaps some of you took part in a declamatory contest this spring. If so, tell us what you read. Readings will be welcomed at any time.

FOR MEMORIAL DAY

The reader who gives this may carry a large bouquet of flowers. The body should be well poised with chest high, weight over balls of feet. Read slowly and with feeling.

Bring flowers, bring flowers, the sweetest, the best,
To garland the beds where our brave are at rest.
Bring pansies for thoughts, unforgotten are they;
Bring laurel for glory they won in the fray;
Bring lilacs for youth—many fell ere their prime;
Bring oak leaves for Liberty, goddess sublime;
Bring chrysanthemums white for the truth they im-
plore;

Bring lilies for peace—they battle no more;
Bring violets, lilies, and roses of love;
Bring snowballs for thoughts of the heaven above;
Bring hawthorn for hope which surmounts earthly
strife;

Bring amaranth blossoms for eternal life.
Bring flowers, bring flowers, the sweetest, the best,
To garland the beds where our brave are at rest.



UPSTREAM FROM THE MILL

There appear to be two creeks on this picture—the larger one beneath the bridge, the smaller one to the left along the foot of the hill. When the mill is running, the water flows down the channel to the left—a gate let down into the larger stream changes the course of the water.—On the sky line above to the extreme right (marked by the figure 1) stood the sod house in which Aunt Agnes first appeared on the stage of life. Below figure two, about an inch to the left, was the frame house where she lived as a little girl.

LETTER BOX

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

Here is a letter that was laid aside and overlooked. But, better late than never.

My dear Aunt Agnes:

Within the regular routine of life at St. Meinrad Preparatory Seminary there dawn certain festivals which are worthy of recording and are put down in the yearbook as history. The one event to which I shall refer is the diamond jubilee of Father Benno, O. S. B. On September 25, 1928, for the first time the monastery had a celebration of this kind.

In the presence of all the religious, students, and seminarians, Father Benno celebrated a Solemn High Mass. The day was kept as a holiday by the whole institution. After the dinner hour the priests, clerics, and brothers of the community gathered around the jubilarian in the monastery park, known as "paradise," to celebrate the glad day with him.

Father Benno is past eighty-three years of age and will soon be eighty-four. His health is good. He fills the office of treasurer, an office that he has grown old in.

In the course of sixty years a priest can have accomplished much good for the salvation of souls. We know that God has laid up a rich reward in the next world for those who serve Him.—Yours sincerely,

Henry Seger, Preparatory Seminary,
First Year High.

The teacher was giving a drill in the meaning of words and their opposites.

"Now tell me," she began, "what is the opposite of misery?"

"Happiness!" said the class in unison.

"And sadness?" she asked.

"Gladness."

"And the opposite of woe?"

"Giddap!" shouted the enthusiastic class.—Ex.

The House of the Three Larches

(Continued from page 19)

Ferdinand von Maltitz? I have it from his own lips. Was he lying?"

"No, Korsin, and yet—"

"Give me the silver chain," he cried, "and let me go."

"It is not here, but in my chest at home," she answered.

"You had at least," he said bitterly, "the decency to lay aside the token of our betrothal, when you engaged yourself to another."

"Oh, Korsin, if I could only tell you I did it for your sake, to free you from the tower; also to please Ferdinand von Maltitz, who gained for me that freedom."

"Had I known it," cried Korsin, "had I known that you purchased my liberty by falsehood and treachery, I sooner would have rotted in that tower than have gone free. How happy will that man be who thus obtains a treacherous bride."

"It was not treachery to you, Korsin!" she exclaimed, "but to truth. If I could only explain, if I could only make you understand! But I am under a solemn promise not to betray a confidence reposed in me."

"A promise to von Maltitz, your betrothed?" asked Korsin, springing to his feet.



LOOKING ACROSS THE HILLS TO THE NORTH

"Yes and no," she answered. "We are betrothed, yet not—"

He interrupted her. "Idle words!" he cried. "Falsehood heaped upon falsehood. I must go."

She put out her hand to restrain him, but he broke away from her; striding rapidly forward, without once looking back.

Slowly, with downcast head and tearful eyes, she retraced her steps to Pfunds.

Korsin walked quickly and soon found himself beside his young comrade, who informed him that no one had passed on the road to Raunders since his departure.

"And there are no Imperial troops in Pfunds," replied Korsin. "It is clear that poor Münster Valley will be the battlefield; our dear Samnaun has naught to fear. But for all that, not every Samnauner who comes out will go home again."

They went onward with eager footsteps, walking the whole night long, and were in Schuls the next day as the Angelus was ringing.

(To be continued)

Our Frontispiece

One day while St. John was baptizing in the Jordan's waters the first converts made by his penitential sermons, there came One Whom in his humility and unworthiness he would not at first baptize. But When Jesus commanded him to do so, he "suffered Him" to receive baptism at his hands. "And Jesus being baptized, forthwith came out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened to him and he saw the spirit of God descending as a dove and coming upon him. And behold a voice from heaven saying: This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."—(St. Matth. 3:16.) It was the voice of the heavenly Father publishing His Son's majority, and proclaiming to the world that He is His Ambassador to men; the Teacher Who will instruct them in all knowledge of the supernatural: the safe Guide to their true home. Hence all men must heed the command given later from the bright cloud on Mt. Tabor: "Hear ye Him."—P. K.

Liturgical Jottings

(Continued from page 7)

who have received a second birth through Christ. He it was Who filled the apostles with fortitude and counsel, inaugurating a new reign in the hearts of men. On Pentecost, the fiftieth day after the Jewish Pasch, "the Christian Church was born," writes St. Augustine. Thus 1600 years after the Old Law was given on Mt. Sinai amid fearful demonstrations of nature, the New Law was quietly promulgated by the Spirit of Love, diffused in the hearts of those few followers of Jesus who made up the infant Church.

THE SPRINGTIME OF FAITH

Knowing that "unless a man be born again of the

Holy Ghost, he can not enter into the kingdom of God" (St. John 3:5), the faithful go forth from the Pentecostal feast, their hearts aglow with the fire of the Holy Spirit, resolved to be "doers of the word, and not hearers only." (Ep. for fifth Sunday after Easter.) Hope is bright, hearts trust confidently. And why not? God is with us; who shall be against us? We step forth sprightly to the continuation of the Redeemer's work. Hand in hand with the Sanctified, we intend, ere we die, to compass the salvation of our own souls and do our share for the salvation of others.

Pope St. Gregory VII

LEO V. LEEDER

"He shone in his days as the morning star in the midst of a cloud" (Ecclus. 50:6)—there is an epitomized description of Hildebrand, a man who was undoubtedly the leading figure of his age. And during that age, the eleventh century, the cloud was very much in evidence, the cloud of serious disorders in the Church and disruptions which threatened even the stability of the Roman See. True to the name of his childhood (*Hildebrand* means "a bright flame"), he let his guiding light shine forth among his contemporaries from the time when he left his monastic home on Mount Aventine. A true friend and counselor to several pontiffs who preceded him, Hildebrand ascended by mighty leaps to posts of the highest ecclesiastical trust. He recovered the lost revenues of the Holy See while he was administrator of the patrimony of St. Peter, restored to its ancient splendor the moral and material edifice of a ruined abbey, and was sent on various delicate diplomatic missions. After having successfully placed three lawful candidates on the throne of Peter, he himself was chosen by general acclaim to govern the Church of Christ, for whom he had labored untiringly for more than twenty years. As Pope Gregory VII, Hildebrand's early ascetical training as a Benedictine monk helped him to face courageously the bitter storms of opposition which his reform measures everywhere excited. He was fearless in his treatment of Emperor Henry IV of Germany, whom he thrice excommunicated for refusing to observe the canons of the Church. Henry took up arms against him and finally entered Rome. The pope was obliged to flee to the Castle Sant' Angelo, whence he was later forced to retire to Salerno. Here he died in exile in 1085. His last words form a fitting close to a noble life: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile." His feast is celebrated on May 25.

Abbey and Seminary

—The summer heat of the last week of March and the first week of April transformed as if by magic dormant nature from inactivity to throbbing, verdant life. If no killing frosts come, all will be well. But Jack Frost is fond of pranks. Some years he comes even as late as the second week in May.

—The elevating and inspiring ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out as usual according to the pre-

scriptions of the rubrics with all the splendor possible. The St. Gregory Chancel Choir was in perfect trim for the solemnities. Father Abbot blessed the palms on Palm Sunday and celebrated Pontifical High Mass on Holy Thursday and Easter Sunday. He was celebrant likewise of the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday. At this latter service Fathers Columban, Stephen, and John Thuis, O. S. B., three brothers, sang the Passion according to St. John. The Passion was sung also on Palm Sunday (according to St. Matthew), on Tuesday (St. Mark), and on Wednesday (St. Luke). At seven p. m. on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evening the Matins of the office called "Tenebrae" were chanted while the Lamentations, lessons, and psalms of Lauds were sung. A number of visitors were here for the Holy Week services and many others came on Easter Sunday. A goodly number of the priests of the community were absent, assisting in outside parishes.

—Easter weather varied in different parts of the country. Our Indian missions in the Dakotas, for instance, celebrated Easter amid a raging blizzard. March evidently had in mind to go out like a lion, as the saying runs, and it did. Miss Chicago carried an umbrella to protect her millinery, or rather the pretty posies on her Easter bonnet. The "pocket" of Southern Indiana enjoyed bright sunshine even if the wind did blow a gale. Thus life passes through smiles and tears and squalls of a cold, unsympathetic world. Our hope is laid up in the realms of bliss of a happy hereafter to bask in the sunshine of God's love forever.

—The triennial visitation of our community was held a week after Easter. The Rt. Rev. Philip Ruggle, O. S. B., of Conception, Mo., President of the Helveto-American Congregation, arrived on April 6th to conduct the visitation, which opened on the following day after High Mass and closed on the 9th. His Lordship left immediately thereafter for Mt. Angel, Oregon, on a like mission.

—The triennial chapter of the Abbots of the Helveto-American Congregation was held at Mt. Angel towards the end of April. Father Abbot left on the 14th for the far West.

—Our two invalids, Father Benno and Bro. Blase, are somewhat improved. The former is up most of the time, but is somewhat weak. While Bro. Blase is still bedridden, he cherishes the hope that with the coming of warm weather he may get stronger.

—Father Albert Kleber, O. S. B., S. T. D., Rector of the Major Seminary, who will celebrate the silver jubilee of his ordination on Pentecost Monday, May 20, is vice postulator in the cause of beatification of the servant of God, Maria Maddalena Bentivoglio, Poor Clare, who introduced the order of the Poor Clares into the United States. The saintly religious died as abbess of the Poor Clare Monastery at Evansville in the summer of 1905. Last summer the vice postulator found it necessary to make a trip to Omaha and also to Philadelphia in the interest of the cause. During the present school year he has made frequent trips to Evansville, going twice also to New Orleans since Jan. 1 of this year.

—Fathers Columban and Thomas were chanters in

the dedication ceremonies at Sacred Heart Church, Evansville, on April 14th. Father Eberhard was master of ceremonies. The new Sacred Heart Church, of which Father Flaherty is pastor, is built in colonial style, modeled after the seminary chapel at Mundelein, Illinois.

—Very like the bird that flies back to its nest of former years was the visit of Dr. Eugene Sturm on April 16th. The doctor, who was born in the town of St. Meinrad and grew up here, has long been a resident of Jasper. On a recent professional call at the Abbey he came sailing through space in the most modern of vehicles—the airship. The pilot was his son Ralph who is now a licensed aeronaut, navigator of the air or aviator. While the doctor was waiting on his patients, Fathers Eberhard and Peter individually seized the golden opportunity to cleave the limpid air. From their lofty position, safely seated as they were on the broad back of the mighty birdlike creature, they fixed their gaze upon the fleeting earth below as does the eagle in its swift flight. More fortunate were they, however, than the fabulous Phaeton of old whose fire-breathing steeds pranced up the steep ascent, for they not only ascended the formidable heights but also successfully avoided contact with the ferocious lion and other threatening monsters along the highways of the heavens; nor did the steeds become unmanageable and uncontrollable and end up by setting the universe afire. Whether our fliers had a closer-up view of Venus on the flight, we have not heard. But this is merely by the way.—Whenever the doctor is "up in the air"—to be taken literally of course—as someone facetiously remarked, there is always a storm in the sky, however fair and clear the day.

—As Pentecost is somewhat earlier this year than usual, the ordinations will also be earlier. The Right Reverend Bishop Joseph Chartrand D. D., is expected towards evening on Pentecost Sunday. The clerical tonsure will be given that same evening to a class of seminarians in first year theology. On the following morning the Right Reverend Bishop will confer the four minor orders—two each on the students of first and second years in theology—and the subdiaconate on theologians of the third course. Later on in the forenoon of that same day Father Albert will be celebrant of a Solemn High Mass in memory of his twenty-five years in the priesthood. His Lordship will preach the jubilee sermon. The diaconate and the priesthood will be conferred at Pontifical High Mass on Tuesday morning.

—*St. Meinrad Historical Essays*, Vol 1, No. 2, a bulletin of 100 pages, came from the printery on April 18 ready to be mailed out to subscribers. A hurried glance through the pages of the volume shows an interesting and valuable number, which is made up of seven historical essays, a chronicle of the current year up to, and including, Easter; also a necrology of the recently deceased alumni; and a complete roster of the living priest alumni as far as can be ascertained. Together with the outgoing class of 1929 our alumni number 656 priests. These are scattered through sixty-four dioceses and ten religious orders and congregations. Sev-

enteen prelates of our alumni (five bishops and twelve monsignori) are entitled to wear the purple, while two others are abbots.

—Rev. John F. Kohl, class of '05, who was pastor of St. Monica Church, Mishawaka, Indiana, died quite unexpectedly some days after a surgical operation on Tuesday, April 2. The funeral was held at Mishawaka on the following Saturday. The remains were then shipped to Milwaukee for burial in the family lot. Father Kohl was a gifted and zealous priest and pastor of a flourishing parish for which he had erected a fine church in recent years. In the deceased the editor of THE GRAIL mourns a classmate, the first of the class to die. R. I. P.

—In the passing of Rt. Rev. John Ward, D. D., Bishop of Leavenworth, who died on April 22, St. Meinrad Seminary has lost another distinguished alumnus. Bishop Ward, who was ordained on July 17, 1884, spent the last four years of his theological training at our Seminary. On Feb. 22, 1911, Bishop Ward received episcopal consecration in his own cathedral. During the past three years his illness did not permit of his taking active part in the affairs of the diocese. A stroke of paralysis that he suffered on March 7 hastened the day of death. Born on May 23, 1857, the deceased was rounding out the seventy-second year of his life. R. I. P.

Book Notices

Welcome information for both priests and laymen is contained in Notes on the Extraordinary Jubilee of 1929, by Rt. Rev. Louis J. Nau, S. T. D. (Published by Frederick Pustet Co., New York and Cincinnati; 46 pages; \$7.50 per hundred).

This little pamphlet supplies a summary of practical points of information on the Jubilee. There is also included in the pamphlets historical information on jubilees and indulgences and a "Little Catechism for Lent—Law of Fast and Abstinence." I. E.

In "A Key For The Game Of Life" Idaamay Clarendon Kline tries to help us play a winning game, but she has not found the key to the reader's attention and inner chamber of responsive sentiments, for her verses have neither originality of thought, beauty of imagery, or elegance of form to recommend the volume as a treasure to be kept and shared with others. Paper; 30 pages; price, \$1.00. Christopher Publishing House, Boston. P. K.

In "Our Priestly Life," by the Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S., (Price, \$1.25; John Murphy Co., Baltimore, Md.), we find the doctrine on priestly spiritual life as outlined by Father Olier, founder of the society of St. Sulpice, in his "Pietas Seminariorum Sancti Sulpicii." The original of F. Olier is given at the end of the book in Latin text. This book is especially to be recommended to those who are preparing for holy priesthood. It will also be found helpful by priests for renewing the first fervor and zeal which animated them during the days of their preparation for the priesthood. A. B.

The Queens Work Press, 3115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.:

1. "Chalk Talks or Teaching Catechism Graphically"—based on the Baltimore Catechism. Part I Teacher's Edition, by Jerome F. O'Connor, S. J., and William Hayden, S. J. (Price, 15¢; 50 copies, \$6.50; 100 copies, \$11.00.)

This method is unique. It would surely be interesting and also instructive and at the same time help greatly to implant the subject matter into the minds of the little ones, if the teacher were to follow it. The illustrations are original and suggestive. It would not require the skill of a great artist to carry out the plan suggested, yet one must have some notion of drawing. It can be recommended to the catechist.

2. "Marry Your Own—A Discussion of Mixed Marriage," by Daniel A. Lord, S. J.—In an interesting story Father Lord gives us a thorough lesson in mixed marriages. This pamphlet should be given to all young people who may form acquaintance with non-Catholics. It will enlighten them on the dangers of mixed marriages for their faith.

3. "The Bible—a Graphic History of the Origin and Preservation of the Old and New Testaments," by Jerome V. Jacobsen, S. J. (Price, 20¢; 25 copies, \$4.00; 50 copies, \$7.50; 100 copies, \$14.00.) This is a three-color map, 28x12½ inches that gives the history of the Bible in graphs and explains by a text the origin and development of the modern Bible. Just the thing for the religion class, for students of church history, and for the convert class. A. B.

Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

1. "The Testing of Al Bascomb," (by Rev. H. J. Heagney; price, net, \$1.25), is a story for boys and girls. From the experiences of the hero they will draw practical lessons for themselves. Kindness to animals will be one of the benefits. A. B.

2. "Hylton's Wife," by Mrs. George Norman, (price, net, \$2.50), is suitable for presenting to non-Catholics, who have wrong ideas about the work of the matrimonial courts of the Church. While this is a Catholic story, it does not invite controversy. The author shows in a clear manner the attitude of the Church towards divorcees.

3. "The Sanity of Sanctity,—Simple Reflections on the Common Sense of Holiness," by Rev. J. E. Moffat, S. J. Price, net, \$1.50.

The author of these simple reflections on the common sense of holiness shows in a clear manner that the saints are wise men, though the world calls them fools. It is an excellent antidote for indifference and lukewarmness that may come over one and will arouse to new fervor.

4. "Book One (First Reader), American Cardinal Readers"; edited by Edith M. McLaughlin; illustrated. Cloth; price, 76¢ list.

This Reader can scarcely fail to help in instilling into the child a love for reading, which will surely appreciate what is read. The illustrations are interesting and will attract the child who uses the book.

5. "Religion Teaching Plans," (price, \$2.00 net), consists of outline lessons based on modern principles of education as exemplified in practical class use, suggesting ways of developing, organizing and applying the lesson in the catechism by the Franciscan Sisters of Christian Charity, Holy Family Convent, Manitowish, Wis. The purpose of the study plans in this volume, which is edited by Sister M. Inez, O. S. F., with a preface by Rev. George Johnson, Ph. D., Teacher's College, Catholic University, Washington, D. C., is to place before teachers suggestive ways of developing, organizing, applying the lessons in the catechism, ways which they might not think of themselves or which might exact many hours or even days in discovering. It appeals to the thinking mind of the child, then to the feeling mind, and, finally, to the doing mind. This method is worth a trial. A. B.

"Historical Essays," Vol. 1, No. 2; April, 1929; St. Meinrad Seminary, St. Meinrad, Ind. 100 pages. Price, 50¢. Comment on this bulletin will be found on page 39 of this issue under "Abbey and Seminary."



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Alluring Path

CHAPTER X—LUCILLA AT HOME

WHEN Lucilla entered Thelma's room, she found the latter still on the couch in her dressing gown, rubbing her eyes and stretching sleepily.

"Thelma!" cried her friend, "have you forgotten that Freddie is downstairs waiting—he says he's been there for an hour."

"Oh yeah?" Thelma stifled a yawn. "I thought he'd be gone long ago. There's no getting rid of that fellow."

"Then you deliberately stayed up here?"

"Of course; I was beastly tired, and wasn't going to interrupt a perfectly good nap for such a bore."

"Ah, Thelma, you are cruel." But Thelma burst out laughing.

"Do you know, it really is amusing to see how far I can go with the poor fish."

"You heartless wretch! Get up this minute and dress, and go down at once and console him, while I speak to Annie about the dinner. I've invited him to stay."

"Oh, you did, eh? Well, I suppose we must submit to the inevitable." With another yawn and stretch, Thelma pulled herself to her feet and began to smear her face with cold cream. "Run along, dearie; I'm a rapid-change artist when I want to be. Watch me get downstairs, all dressed, with Freddie holding my hand, in exactly five minutes."

"Well, see that you do; and apologize as well." Lucilla left the room, smiling and shaking her head, while Thelma, true to her word, without much ado, began slipping things on and throwing things off so fast, that five minutes later she was giving her hair a last pat, and, having gone to the door, she turned back to apply the atomizer to the camellia on her shoulder.

"There now," she said to her reflection in the glass. "That's good enough for Freddie Evers."

She took her time down the stairs, and entered the drawing room, coolly impersonal, polishing her fingernails on her handkerchief.

"Ah cruel, at last!" said Freddie reproachfully, rising from his seat. At the same time, he felt himself caught anew by the fascination of her beauty. To him, Thelma was beautiful at all times, but now, perfectly groomed, and attired in a *chic* evening frock, she seemed lovelier and more desirable than ever.

"Hello, ever-present!" she greeted, sitting down beside him, still engrossed in her fingernails. "Do you know, your name fits you; Freddie Ever—it ought to be Freddie *Forever*."

"No, lady fair; your's *as* Ever, Freddie."

"Say—" she continued absently, lowering her voice. "Got fifty dollars on you?"

"No, I haven't but I've got thirty, if that will do you any good."

"Can you lend it to me? You see, I'm plumb broke, and it's awful being invited to stay at a swell house like this. I can't go on allowing Cil to pay for everything. It looks too cheap." Freddie at once plunged his hand into his pocket, only too pleased to be of some service to her. Had Thelma asked for the moon, he would have risked his neck to get it. "How much can you let me have?" she continued, holding out her hand, not in the least embarrassed. He began counting the bills into her palm.

"You can have it all if you need it."

"Well, you can keep out taxi fare back home. Quick! She's coming!" Freddie swiftly counted out twenty-eight dollars, keeping two for himself, and Thelma stuffed them into her bodice. "Pay you back first money I get," she whispered, while Freddie returned the remainder of his money into his pocket.

"Well, folks, dinner is ready, so we may as well go in at once," said Lucilla, leading the way to the dining room. "By this time next week I hope to be hard at it, back in the little old studio," she continued, as they seated themselves.

"Do you know, it's been like a house of death down there without you two," replied Freddie.

"Yes, how's everybody 'in our town'?" asked Thelma, moved to treat Freddie with a little more decency now, because of his readiness to aid her.

"Oh, fair to middlin'. Tommy Elsworth's down with pneumonia; Maria Varanova has developed a new 'phobia; Lloyd had eight teeth pulled and is as sweet-tempered as a bear; Anne Gordon got a thousand-dollar check as advance retainer on her municipal statue; Arda has been practicing barefoot dancing in her backyard, and—oh, I guess that's about all."

"What has Varanova been working up a temperature over this time?"

"Oh, she wrote a letter to our congressman, asking him to draft a bill against the wearing of loud, flashy colors by women. They should be limited, she says, to sober blacks and browns and navy blues and greys, just like the men, because loud colors enervate women's

minds, making them harebrained and inconsequential, and preventing them from taking a real interest in the deeper, more serious side of life."

"The big fool!" cried Thelma contemptuously.

"Oh, I don't know now," defended Lucilla, "there might be something to her theory. You see, if women were limited to a sort of dark uniform like the men, in a general style, with little difference or change, they certainly would have leisure to think of something else besides mere clothes."

"Ha! One disciple!" cried Freddie.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Thelma, clasping her hands. "When that time comes, 'Get the river ready for me!' as the song goes."

"Well, there's one thing about Varanova," commented Mr. Evers, "she's consistent. Practices what she preaches. You've never seen her in anything else but a dark dress, have you, Thelma? No, and neither have I."

"Bah! She's batty!" replied that young lady. "Always trying to reform the world. When will these reformers realize that all their bellowing has no more effect than a drop of rain in the ocean, and meanwhile the dear old world goes on in its same delicious way, regardless. I'd like to have anybody dictate to me what sort of clothes I am to wear! Does she think anybody at Washington would listen to such nonsense?"

"Anything is possible, Thel. Think of prohibition."

"That's right too, Freddie. One never knows what they might clamp down on us. All they would need would be to get a sufficient number of crusty bachelors and crabby married men to vote 'yes' on it—and I don't believe they would be hard to find, either, what with men crabbing about every bill for clothes that comes into the house."

"Thel," laughed Lucilla, "you seem to know all about it."

"Oh, I've heard and seen plenty from other folks. Really, I'm beginning to get frightened; we ought to get hold of Varry and talk her out of it." They laughed heartily while she tried to remain serious with mock fear.

"Don't you worry; it will end like all of Varry's schemes—in superheated atmosphere. She likes to hear herself preach, but that is as far as it goes."

"Well, anyway," commented Lucilla, "if we didn't have some dreamers in the world, we'd all die of ennui. At least they give us something new to discuss and think about."

Brrrrrr! Suddenly rang the doorbell. Howard brought Lucilla a card. "W. Lawrence Comstock" she read aloud, and then, with a smile struggling at the corners of her mouth, she looked accusingly at Thelma. "Come now and confess—this is your work." But Thelma looked blank and innocent.

"Honestly, Cil, I didn't have a thing to do with it."

"Ask the gentleman in," said Lucilla to Howard, "and have Rogers lay a cover for him." Thelma was now smiling uncontrollably.

"Couldn't have planned out better, could it?" she teased.

"Never mind, I'll have you up before the bar directly. Could you take an oath that you didn't secretly send

for him? You were talking very strongly on the subject this morning."

"No, Cil, I didn't. I'll swear willingly—"

"Well, hello folks! How's every little thing?" cried Larry breezily, advancing into the room.

"Fine! how are you? Come, sit down with us, and tell us how you happened to discover our secret hiding place," invited the hostess.

"Thanks; this is quite a treat and a surprise. Didn't know you were here, Fred, old boy. Fact is, Mrs. Rawn, I'm in quest of Thelma. I didn't know where you lived until Freddie told me this afternoon. Mrs. Sturdevant had all our wires hot, telephoning for her, and no one knew where she'd gone."

"What did she want?" questioned Thelma eagerly.

"Well, it seems, her children's whooping cough wasn't the whooping cough after all, and they are all right again. So she wants to know how soon you'll be back to complete her music room."

"At once!" cried Thelma with alacrity. "Thanks for bringing the good news, Larry. There's nothing I'd like better than to complete the job."

"Oh, but you'll stay over Saturday, won't you?" asked Lucilla. "I do so want you to meet Mrs. Aldyne and Reine de Sael and Morton Leacock, and a few other friends of mine. All of them can put you in the way of valuable commissions."

"That's very sweet of you, Cil. Yes, I'll stay. I'll just 'phone Mrs. Sturdevant that I'll be over Monday."

"I want you and Mr. Evers to come Saturday evening too. Will you?" invited Lucilla.

"Will we? Wild horses couldn't keep us away, could they, Fred?"

"Not since we've discovered their new hiding place. It won't be a hiding place any longer."

"Seems like ages since you've been among us," continued Larry. "Tell us what you've been doing all that time."

"Well, the morning after your party, I fell ill—" Larry made a gesture of disgust.

"That famous party! But we really cannot help it, you know, Mrs. Rawn. We're just a pack of saps and neurotic fad-chasers, but it's not our fault. We were brought up that way; religionless schools, and atheistic colleges, and new theories popping up every day. We know that one theory is just about as dependable as the next, and so we go on, keeping up the hunt for beauty and truth and originality, with our eyes on the high mountain peaks, and sometimes we do forget the fences society has placed about our feet."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Thelma, clapping her hands in mock applause. "Waxing poetic, eh? What have you had to drink, sir, before you came here?"

"Absolutely nothing stronger than warm hydrant water. But, pardon me, Mrs. Rawn; I interrupted you in your narration. Will you condescend to continue? I promise not to do it again." So Lucilla explained in detail her trip to the mountains, etc., ending with,

"—but nothing preventing, I'll be back among you next week, hard at it, to complete the closing chapters of my book."

"But you forgot to mention that on the 'morning after' we had a perfectly gorgeous 'falling out,'" reminded Thelma mischievously.

"Impossible! With a gentle little person like you?" asked Larry, turning to Lucilla.

"Oh, she was mad all through!" laughed Thelma.

"Really? Well, you see, that's what comes of getting up too early to work. I imagine more than one of us would have had the 'hybyphoby' if we had dared to leave our kennels before noon. Thelma, how come? Don't you know better than to go visiting at such unearthly hours?"

"Oh, well," consoled Freddie, "if Mrs. Rawn stays long enough, she'll soon learn to be one of us."

"Not her!" denied Miss Martens. "As well try to make a Batik embroidery out of a Victorian sampler!" A little silence, while Rogers changed their plates. Then,

"I'd love to draw out this Varanova," said Lucilla. "I'm going to have her here Saturday evening, you know."

"Oh, she'll give you plenty," was Larry's comment as he attacked his dessert. "Psychoanalysis, and the theory of complexes, and the effect of evolution upon species, and the sociology of government systems, and then some, and to look at her, you would think that she is nothing but a harmless old maid."

"I didn't have much of a chance at your party to discover what was really in her, but I sensed that she was extraordinary. She merely asked me a question and then enlarged upon it, and I was automatically elected audience, with no chance to get in a word edgewise." Freddie laughed.

"What did she ask you?"

"Oh, what I thought of the psychology of clothes and their effect upon women."

"I thought so; that phobia has been working on her for sometime."

After the young men left, Lucilla and her guest went up to retire, and upon entering her room, Lucilla, instead of undressing at once, sat down glumly to wonder why Ted did not write her a single line. It was his place to do it, she argued. Then rising suddenly, she tried to throw off her unhappy mood, arguing to herself that it were better thus, but it was an unsatisfying argument at best, and she hurried to bed in order to forget her restlessness in sleep.

(To be continued)

St. Gertrude the Great

In the Benedictine Convent of Helfta, near Eisleben in Saxony, dwelt during the latter half of the thirteenth century, two of the greatest women saints the Church has ever produced—St. Mechtilde and St. Gertrude. They lived together in the same convent, and were intimates and confidantes. Everybody has heard of St. Gertrude, and most of us use one or more of her Prayers for Holy Communion, which appear in many prayer books. It can safely be said, that nowhere, at any time, have more beautiful prayers for Holy Communion ever been composed than those which emanated

from the very heart of Gertrude. Their delicacy and beautiful intimacy with the Eternal Lover of all souls cannot be surpassed.

Even so may her prayers be used as an index to her own most beautiful character, for every sentiment uttered in them is but a mirror-flash of the state of her own heart. She was brought when but a small child, less than five years old, to the Benedictines of Helfta, who were known to be such holy religious that many of them daily held direct discourse with Jesus Christ Himself. The little pupils of Helfta wore miniature Benedictine habits, and were carefully trained in good behavior, all accomplishments, and languages and sciences. St. Gertrude excelled in all of these, and took keen pleasure in study, having a brilliant mind.

Little is known of her relatives, for no one came to take her away, and she was left to grow up in the peace and seclusion of the convent, a fair, pure lily in God's garden. So lovely and refined was she in her holiness and love of God that Jesus Himself acknowledged to another that He must perforce "follow her about." "You will find Me in the heart of Gertrude," were His words. As she grew older, she constantly advanced in holiness, speaking daily and personally with Jesus, her Lover, of Whom she had but to think, and she at once felt His Divine Presence. Very often, too, He appeared to her. She consulted Him in everything, even the most trivial happenings of the day. One day she lost her needle in some straw; knowing it would be hard to find, she closed her eyes, asking Jesus to find it for her, plunged her hand into the straw without looking, and found the needle at once.

Many were the wondrous heavenly favors she received, and our Lord communicated to her many of the secrets of His Heart for the good of souls, which she wrote in book form, that all may learn the way to holiness. Gertrude and her Divine Lover seemed to vie with each other in saying tender, holy things to each other. He promised to her the inestimable favor that anyone, who would praise and thank Him for the gifts bestowed upon her, would obtain any favor they asked for, providing it was for the good of their souls. If it was not, the person praying would receive some other favor. And referring to frequent Communion, He tells her, "He who communicates once, receives all the riches of my Humanity and Divinity, but the oftener men communicate, the more will they grow in grace and beatitude."

Quarrels

Sometimes, almost unbeknownst to ourselves, we develop a habit of quarreling and bickering with those about us over the smallest, most trivial things. Very often it is a case of "nerves"; we are tired, or harassed, or worried, or anxious about something, and then everything irritates us. Those about us may be ordinarily placid and kind-hearted, but when constantly played upon by a quarrelsome person, are apt to develop a reciprocating attitude—and there you are. "It takes two to make a quarrel." Nowhere is this more true than in the bosom of families. But did you ever notice how a quarrel that starts out full-blown, and

promises to end in goodness knows what heartache, becomes weak and helpless and foolish-looking when the other party keeps silence?

Sometimes the Sunday comics bring out these phases of life in a way that strikes us as absolutely true; there is one particular one where the wife nagged at her husband through eleven pictures, and he meanwhile kept placidly reading his paper, every now and then, (when she gave him a chance) telling her what he was reading. "Listen," he said, in answer to a tirade, "it says here that lobsters may have their legs torn off and grow new ones again." Friend Wife replies by a new onslaught; in the next silence, he continues: "And it says here that flies live only nine days, and that in that time they lay millions of eggs." And so it kept on until the last picture, when the wife had quite exhausted herself, and he tells her another piece of news, totally extraneous to the thing she had been scolding him about. In the end, she is forced to laugh and call him "perfectly hopeless."

While comics are not supposed to be the very best literature, yet, this time they struck a good note. Anyone answering a tirade like that, may be said to have an absolutely sweet mind and heart. And he probably did it on purpose, knowing that an answer in kind would only have precipitated a lot of bitterness on them both. It is an easy thing to remember that "it takes two to make a quarrel." Refuse to be the other one.

Synthetic Silk

We have all sorts of modern "synthetic" inventions—which means, by the way, a "substitute for the real thing." We have gone the silk worm one better, and learned how to make silk without his aid they are even experimenting now with grass, with a view to making milk out of it without the aid of a cow! But to return to the subject of synthetic silk. A young nobleman who dabbled in chemistry took it upon himself to prove that if a silk worm could eat mulberry leaves and by some internal process produce a filament of silk, he, with his whole laboratory full of chemicals, could do the same. And he succeeded.

He took spruce wood, cooked it in chemicals until it was a mass of substance, called cellulose or viscose. Then this jellylike mass was placed under tremendous pressure and forced through a screen with holes too fine to be seen by the naked eye. The screens, or "spinnarets" were first immersed in an acid bath, so that when the fiber came through the tiny holes, the fiber hardened at once upon coming in contact with the acid. The dry silky filament which resulted was called "rayon." This was wound on spools and sent to the factory to be made up into many-dyed materials. "Rayon" is a French word, which means "light and beautiful." And indeed it lives up to its name, and is a real rival of silk.

When dealers advertise an article as made of "pure thread silk," it means that the silk worm made it, while rayon articles are made of spruce wood, a thing no one would have dreamed of some years ago. And yet it is a good thing for modest purses, for rayon

costs only half as much as silk, yet can hardly be told apart from the real article. Some rayons, however, lose their lustre after washing, and all of them are woven with a cross-fibre of cotton. Stockings made of the rayon fibre can hardly be told from the real silk. They keep their lustre after laundering and wear as well as the real article. Yet this cheapness has not put the silk worm out of business. Japan, which exports more raw silk than any other country, sends to American mills on an average of 500,000 bales of worm-made silk in a year.

Hints for Spring Floor Painting

Well-painted kitchen floors are a satisfactory substitute where linoleum cannot be had. If one is going in for a colorful kitchen in the modern style, the floor may be made to match the furniture, or in a contrasting color, the furniture being trimmed with the floor color. For instance, if the scheme is to be jade green and Chinese red, the floor may be jade, and the furniture red, with trimmings in green. In the case of cupboard doors, paint the outside red, and the inside green.

Now for the actual floor painting, and the method of going about it. If the floor is no longer new, it might be well to plane it and sandpaper it until perfectly smooth. Then fill in all cracks with putty. The first coat of paint need not be the same color as the last, but any left-over paint may be used for this. But the last two coats must be of the color to be used in the scheme of the room. Three coats should be used in all; then, when these are dry, varnish with spar, and wax. Your floor will now be as perfect as any linoleum, and will never need scrubbing. A daily dusting with an oil mop, an immediate wiping up of any drops that might fall in cooking, and once-a-month waxing is all that is needed. Rag rugs may be laid here and there, to enhance the coziness of the room. If you do not like your floor to be slippery, use liquid wax, as this is slip-proof. The paste wax makes the slippery floor. If this method is followed, your kitchen floor will be a joy and not a drudgery, for all time.

Sayings of Saintly Writers

Rob men of God and religion, and you rob them of their love for their fellow beings. The love of God is the only adequate motive for loving your fellow beings.

A man without prayer is an animal without the use of reason.

No one speaks to God in heart-to-heart conversation, if only for five minutes, without rising up renewed and strengthened.

There can be nothing melancholy, nothing gloomy, nothing harsh, nothing unwilling, in our service of our Father and Creator. Our worship must be happy in itself, happy in blitheness and promptitude and beautiful decorum.

Where there is no great mortification, there is no great sanctity.

Aridity ought not to depress us, nor consolation make us proud; in the former state, we must remember the

benefits we have already received, and in the second, we must not forget that it is a gift from God which we have not deserved.

Household Hints

After washing rag rugs, instead of putting them through the wringer lengthwise, which makes two or three long, ineffaceable creases in the length of rug, fold flat across the width. If very thick, loosen wringer slightly. Then shake out and hang up at once, using three or four clothespins so that there will be no uneven points. Stretch carefully, and when dry, your rug will look like new.

House ferns will appreciate a watering containing a little household ammonia about every three months. If they look sickly, pour a tablespoon of castor oil on the roots, but do not get any on the leaves.

Perspiring feet can usually be cured by changing footwear each day; if this does not help, bathe feet every night, and dust boric acid into stockings before putting on.

A flannel cloth moistened with alcohol will remove grease spots from the walls. Alcohol will also remove varnish from hands, when renovating woodwork or furniture.

When the paper on the back of the picture becomes torn, recover immediately with a new paper, as the dust will soon get in and ruin the picture.

Recipes

CHEESE CAKE

"The most delicious cheese cake in the world" is made thus: Use your favorite biscuit dough recipe, and roll it out a half inch thick, lining a deep pie pan. Then procure the creamed cheese which comes in jars from the dairies (this is smoother than ordinary cottage cheese). Turn into mixing bowl and add two well-beaten eggs, blending well; then add 1/3 cup milk, the juice of half a lemon, a pinch of salt, 1 cup sugar, and a teaspoon vanilla. Mix again thoroughly, then pour into the pan lined with dough. Bake in a moderate oven until the cheese sets and becomes a golden brown. A little cinnamon may be sifted over the top before placing in oven.

A TEA SANDWICH

If friends drop in on Friday afternoon, serve the following: A slice of white bread with "Sandwich spread" on, on top of this, a slice of rye with peanut butter, above that, whole wheat bread with lettuce leaf, two sardines and mayonnaise, on that, buttered white bread with a slice of tomato on top. Have bread sliced very thin. A spoon of lemon jelly may be placed beside the "tiered" sandwich.

STRAWBERRY AND PINEAPPLE JAM: If strawberries are dear and pineapples cheap, as often happens, mix the two, for greater bulk, and change of flavor. Combine equal parts of each fruit, and add sugar in equal weight. Simmer until clear and thick, like jam. Stir frequently. Pour into hot sterilized glasses and cover with paraffin.

May Favors

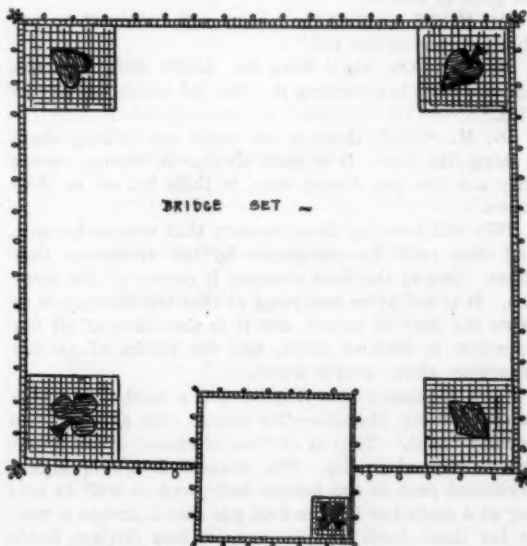
ELIZABETH VOSS

The blithesome month of May is here,
The month to Mother Mary dear.
Oh, crown her with the Virgin's gifts
That Spring has woven for her delight;
The apple tree its blossom lifts,

Shell pink and snowy white.
Violets greet her from their nest,
The red-rose opens buds of flame,
The pansies are in velvet dressed,
To honor lovely Mary's name.
Oh, let us bring May's blossoms sweet,
And lay them at her feet.

Needlework Pattern

We give this month an opportune little design in a bridge set, very simple and easy to execute, and, to the housewife whose hours are filled with various interests, it has the advantage of being easily and quickly made. The material used is linen in any of the light colors, green, blue, pink, yellow, maize, lavender, etc., and the crocheting is in white mercerized thread, just plain squares in filet, with the bridge motifs cut out of the same material as the body of the cloth, and applied onto the filet squares. The effect is new and interesting. The edging is also just a row of filet crochet, with chain stitch loops at intervals of every five squares. The corners are a cluster of five loops worked around a center loop. Very simple but effective, and neat in the extreme. It makes a solid piece of work that can be laundered again and again without any danger of fraying. Pattern for eight bridge motifs, four large for the tablecloth, and four small for the napkins, 15¢. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.





Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.



Dr. H. "I see Mr. Rackham is not here to-day either."

Mrs. Carey. "No, he had to go to poor Jim Duffy's funeral. Poor Jim! He went down the hill pretty fast after his visit to that fake in Montana. I think men like that should be in jail, promising cures and taking the money out of poor sick people's pockets!"

Dr. H. "I don't know about that. Jail is a poor place for anyone. I would not like to see even the people who go to consult these people in jail, and they are the most to blame for they get nothing out of it, while the faker gets a good fat fee. Oh! How do you do, Mr. Rackham. We missed you at the last meeting."

Mr. R. "Yes, and I was at poor Jim Duffy's funeral to-day. He didn't last long. He wouldn't take his medicine regular, and that doctor in Montana gave him quarts and quarts of it, but he wouldn't take it regular, so he died."

Dr. H. "Mr. Rackham, you don't seem to put much confidence in what I am trying so hard to teach you about going to a good doctor and being advised by him in sickness."

Mr. R. "I do not. You are all for the doctors, and they are a parcel of thieves. I beg your pardon! They are nearly all a parcel of thieves, trying to get money out of poor people's pockets."

Dr. H. "How much did this man in Montana charge Duffy?"

Mr. R. "Well, it was a thousand dollars to cure him. But on account of his long journey he cut it down to seven hundred and fifty, and then he only asked him to pay five hundred dollars down, and besides he threw in all the medicine, but he wouldn't take it so that is all gone to waste."

Dr. H. "I suppose the widow will not want to pay that balance on the bill."

Mr. R. "Oh, she'll have to. Duffy gave his note, and the bank is collecting it. She got notice the day he died."

Dr. H. "Well, there is not much use talking about a thing like that. It is quite obvious to anyone, except they are like our friend here, 'a little bit set in their views.'"

"We will take up these cancers that cannot be seen, and that must be recognized by the symptoms they cause. One of the most common is cancer of the stomach. It is not to be wondered at that the stomach is so often the seat of cancer, for it is the slave of all our appetites in food or drink, and the victim of all our ignorance about proper foods."

"You remember that I gave you a quotation which ran something like this—'No cancer ever sprang from healthy tissue.' That is as true of cancer of the stomach as it is of the lip. The stomach is a very highly organized part of the human body, and as well as acting as a container for the food put into it and as a mixer for these foods, it also secretes two distinct fluids

necessary for the breaking up and dissolving of the food. One of these is a powerful ferment named pepsin and the other is that strong and dangerous compound hydrochloric acid. The amount of these substances secreted depends more or less on the food we take, and our well-being depends on the proper proportions or these secretions.

"When the stomach is attacked by cancer, an early diagnosis offers the only hope, and the diagnosis is so masked by other diseases that show symptoms so similar that nothing but good will on the part of the patient and the most careful and painstaking work on the part of the doctor will distinguish cancer in the early stages from hyperacidity, which means too much of this hydrochloric acid is being secreted, or from ulcers of the stomach which are very common but not so fatal as cancer; even a defect in the digestion causing gas will often give all the distress that cancer produces. With such difficulties in your way of recovery, the only sensible thing to do is to commit your case to a doctor in whom you have perfect confidence. If he wants you to go to the hospital for a few days that he may study your case, do so. There are doctors who can make a clever guess at your trouble just from your appearance, but no one at the present day would make a diagnosis on anything so serious as cancer of the stomach without giving his patient all the advantages of the methods of precision which science has developed, and that take time and care."

"If the doctor is not sure of his findings, he may ask your permission to call in another doctor to talk the case over with him. This is not a sign of ignorance on his part but rather caution and a desire to do his best for the patient."

QUESTION BOX

Three questions should be answered in this number. They are: What is the cause of cold fingers or "dead fingers" as they are usually called?

What will cure grey hair?

What causes fallen arches?

These questions will be answered in the June number.

Recollection

NANCY BUCKLEY

I recollect your quiet room one dismal day;
The outer world was lying wet and darkly gray,
We listened to the wind, the rain's low pattering;
I wept because my heart was sore, a broken thing.

I recollect your quiet room. You stilled my fears—
You spoke warm words of courage and you dried my tears;
To-night I sit in loneliness, but through the gloom
Shines the deathless twilight of your quiet room.

The Grail Fashion Department



Paris and New York styles attractively presented and cleverly adopted for the use of home sewers fill our new Summer Fashion Magazine, just off the press. A book far superior to all previous issues. Price 15 cents a copy but only 10 cents when ordered same time as a pattern.

How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper, being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamp or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam-allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly. (Unless your order specifies number of pattern and size desired, your order will receive no attention.)

No. 3415—Smart Sleeveless Mode. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 32-inch light and ¼ yard of 36-inch dark contrasting.

No. 3404—Smart Drape. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 18-inch contrasting.

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No. 3343—Important Jabot. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3341—Slender Daytime Model. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 3446—Darling Outfit. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material for dress with 1 yard of 32-inch material for bloomers.

No. 3394—For The Smart Sub-Deb. Designed for sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 3483—Healthful Sun-Suit. Designed for sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. The 4 year size requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material with 5 yards of binding.

Emb. No. 769—Norwegian floral design for quilted pillow, measuring 15 inches by 19 inches, including border. Sateen, calico, silk crepe, taffeta or satin appropriate. For more elaborate effect in taffeta a gathered ruffle with plicated edge can be sewed around outer edge.

Send 15¢ to save \$15.00. Our Spring Fashion Magazine will help you save at least \$15.00 in preparing your Spring Wardrobe. If you order a pattern at the same time, the price of the book is only 10 cents. Order your copy today.

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THE MEDAL of SAINT BENEDICT

PROFIT SHARING PLAN

Many persons at times think within themselves: "I wish I had become a religious." Such an unfulfilled wish can still bear fruit. All those that heeded not the higher call, or never even felt such a call, can nevertheless become affiliated with a religious order. They can share in its fruits at least. The BENEDICTINES will gladly make a compact with you. Read the terms of the compact on this same page.

TODAY THERE ARE
BENEDICTINES IN
TWENTY-NINE DIFFERENT COUNTRIES:

United States	Italy
Switzerland	France
Bavaria	Spain
Germany	Belgium
England	Austria
Scotland	Brazil
Portugal	Canada
Philippines	Africa
Australia	Chile
Luxembourg	China
Argentina	Korea
Palestine	Poland
Czechoslovakia	Hungary
Bahama Islands	Mexico
Island of Trinidad	

WEAR A MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT

Saint Benedict's Medal is one of the oldest in existence. There is a special form of blessing for it, in the Catholic Ritual. For many centuries it has been an instrument of spiritual graces and bodily blessings for devout users. You, too, can join the vast army of Saint Benedict's clients. Become a child of his benevolence, by the faithful wearing of his medal.

A COMPACT

ALL PERSONS THAT WEAR THE
MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT AND
PRAY FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE
BENEDICTINE ORDER SHALL SHARE
IN ALL THE GOOD WORKS PER-
FORMED IN THE ORDER.

THE TERMS

The terms are simple. You do only two things:

1. Wear the Medal of Saint Benedict.
2. Pray for the extension of the Benedictine Order.

(How much shall you pray? You are free to choose for yourself. We suggest that you *daily* say the best prayer, the one composed by Our Lord, the *Our Father* only once.)

THE ORDER OF SAINT BENEDICT

Saint Benedict founded his Order in the year 529. Only one more year and this Order will celebrate its fourteen hundredth anniversary. It is almost as old as the Church herself. The world today needs the influence of Saint Benedict's Rule, which so beautifully fosters the family spirit and filial obedience. Pray for the spread of this good influence. Better still, become a Son or a Daughter of Saint Benedict.

AIM OF BENEDICTINE LIFE

The Benedictine aim is: TOTAL OBLATION OF SELF TO GOD'S SERVICE.

This oblation begins with a vowed, life-long detachment from riches, sensual pleasures, and self-will. It grows perfect:

1. Primarily, through the "Opus Dei," the *Work of God*, by which is meant the daily solemn worship of God through the Sacred Liturgy: chiefly the Mass and the Divine Office. St. Benedict says in his holy Rule: "Let nothing be preferred to the Work of God."

2. Secondly, through the obedient performance of any worthy work that the times and circumstances demand.

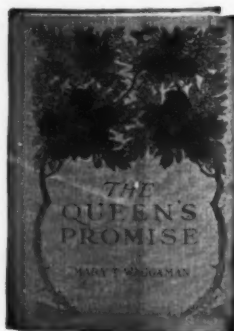
THE RETURNS

The advantages are great. In return for your faithful wearing of the Medal of Saint Benedict and the prayer for the extension of his Order, you share in all the good works performed by the Sons and Daughters of Saint Benedict. At the present time there are about 33,000 Benedictines in the world.

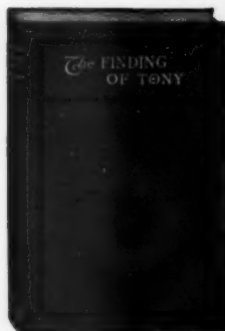
HOW TO GET A MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT

Send five cents (5¢) in coin or stamps—enough to pay the purchase price and postage—and we will procure TWO MEDALS for you, have them BLESSED IN THE GROTTA OF SAINT BENEDICT, here in St. Meinrad, and mail them to you. Send your coin or stamps, and address, to:

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The Selwyns in Dixie. By Clementia. This is one of the Mary Selwyn books. A complete story—288 pages—bound in cloth, with attractive jacket and frontispiece. It tells a great deal of the history of Wilhelmina Marvin, and it surely has created quite a stir. If you have not already read it, you will regret not having done so before. Price \$1.50 each, postpaid.

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A college boy is forced by circumstances to leave school and face the world.

Sandy Joe. 12mo. With colored picture cover. Net, \$1.25. Postage 10¢.

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